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EDITORIAL NOTES

The Prayer-Book

THE revised Prayer-Book has now for the second time been rejected by the House of Commons. Momentous controversies are now approaching: but Reservation and the Establishment are not in our province. We notice, however, that certain persons are advocating the introduction and passage of a Prayer-Book which shall omit all the controverted points: in other words, a Prayer-Book which shall embody no changes of doctrine but merely carry into effect certain changes of language. This we may object to on purely literary grounds.

Doctrine Apart

IT may be that, provided the doctrinal changes could be carried through, the Prayer-Book would be worth swallowing bodily. We express no opinion upon that, and our readers are no doubt divided. But what is clear to us is that unless the doctrinal changes, or authorized doctrinal variations, are permitted, the rest of the alterations are thoroughly undesirable. We all know the type of pedant who keeps on explaining that "charity" in the Epistle means "love" and would tone down the glorious melody of that Epistle into something fine yet less poignant by substituting "love" for "charity" throughout—utterly blind, or deaf, to the fact that sound makes as much impression upon human hearts as does sense. Many of us have also studied the Revised Version of the Bible which consistently sacrifices music and poetry in favour of logic and prose. The verbal version of the Prayer-Book was done by a committee and might well have been done by a committee of lawyers, pre-occupied entirely with the letter. Take the Athanasian Creed. "Confounded" is replaced by "confused." The argument no doubt

was that "confounded" was an archaistic use and somebody probably reinforced it by explaining to the interested Bishops that it was now a semi-expletive. But has anybody produced a villager who was ever confounded (or confused) by the word confounded? Is there anybody who is capable of taking in the new Athanasian Creed who was not capable of taking in the old? In the Marriage Service "share" is substituted for "endow". Presumably somebody suggested that it conveyed better the modern idea of the equality of the sexes. Anybody with imagination would have realized that the fine excess of "endow" is very much more impressive and adequate to the great occasion than the precise and hair-splitting "share", which suggests that the bridegroom, even at the critical moment, doesn't feel inclined to go too far—and may withdraw from the "contract" if he leaves his partner her "share": which is the alimony idea (though quite unintended) in the Marriage Service. Twenty years of episcopal labour have also resulted in "with my body I thee honour" being put down in place of "with my body I thee worship," prose for poetry again, and "enthusiasm" discountenanced in the good old eighteenth-century way: probably because some literalist said that "worship" should be reserved for the Almighty: forgetting the Mayors. History, whether of words or of things, was very little respected by the revisers: and they seem to have had no notion of symbolism. Imagine men, after all the centuries, reducing the tenth commandment to "Thou shalt not covet" merely because most of us do not possess oxen and very few of us possess asses! Is not an ass a symbol like a golden calf, a crown, a seat, or a mitre? Have the villagers all these years supposed that it was permissible to covet a sheep merely because a sheep was not mentioned? Is there no intrinsic value in the same words repeated over and over again, particularly words so gloriously framed as were the words of the English Bible and the English Prayer-Book?

Puzzling Alterations

WE have referred to some of these verbal alterations before, but we may be permitted to return to them. In the Athanasian Creed "three infinites" are indicated in place of "three incomprehensibles": a loss of melody without a gain of sense. "Nor created, nor begotten" is substituted for "neither created, nor begotten": an alteration which can be explained only on the assumption that somebody actually disliked a good rhythm; for "nor . . . nor" is certainly not modern. And why should the word "eternal" be constantly put in place of the word "everlasting"? Is it that some academic person has suggested that "everlasting" embodies a time-idea? We cannot conceive; it is immeasurably the more nobly-sounding word and conveys at least as much to the person for whom the book of *Common Prayer* was written. All these remarks, we must reiterate, are made without reference to the central issues in dispute. We imagine that there are many enthusiastic supporters of the crucial changes who will agree with us on all these subordinate points.

The Home University Library

THE firm of Williams and Norgate was recently sold and many people must have wondered what would become of the *Home University Library*, the greatest of their recent enterprises. It has been transferred to Thornton Butterworth, Limited, and the first new volume to be issued by the new proprietors is *A History of England, 1815-1918*, by Mr. J. R. M. Butler, who has had the advantage of being both a soldier and a member of Parliament as well as a don. We do not think the new binding as attractive as the old : it has a school-bookish look ; but the book itself is one of the best that has appeared in the series. The difficulties of contemporary and recent history are notorious : the historian is too closely akin to the people he is writing about, and he must find it difficult to discriminate between those elements which are likely to be of permanent interest and influence and those whose importance is topical. Mr. Butler has done wonderfully well considering his limited space : two better chapters than that in which Mr. Butler describes " The Mind of the Sixties " and that in which he outlines the international politics which preceded the Great War would be difficult to imagine.

Cheap Series

THERE are those who condescend to cheap series, such as *The Home University Library* and that comprehensive sixpenny series which Dr. William Rose has been editing for the firm of Benn. People talk of " smatterings." We prefer to think rather of " introductions." There are, in point of fact, subjects about which we want to have a smattering ; there are subjects of which we cannot hope to comprehend more than the general outline—modern theories about the atom, for example. Everybody must begin a study with some form of elementary introduction and summary ; the readers of M. Halévy's *History of Nineteenth Century England* are likely to be increased by Mr. Butler's little book. After all, what are these little books but Encyclopaedia articles separately published ? Nobody fails in respect to the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, and almost everybody who can afford to buy it buys it. Yet each purchaser must find large portions of it useless to himself : for ourselves we very seldom peruse its undoubtedly erudite and masterly articles on Thermodynamics and Molluscs—though we admit to having once used it in order to settle a controversy about the breeding habits of oysters. Many of the volumes in these cheap series would be regarded as excellent had they been contributed to the *Encyclopaedia* : worthy the attention of the most intelligent, and not merely " popular " summaries for the benefit of attendants at Extension Lectures. There is too much intellectual snobbery about.

A Frenchman on England

LES Faux Amis, ou Les Trahisons du Vocabulaire Anglais : this at first sight sounds like the title of an exciting novel. In fact it is the name of a new treatise which consists primarily of "conseils aux traducteurs" from English into French. Its authors are M. Maxime Koessler and Professor Jules Derocquigny of Lille ; and it is published (30 fr.) by the Librairie Vuibert, Boulevard Saint-Germain, 63. It is a dictionary, amply provided with illustrations, of some 1,200 English words which may land French translators in difficulties. The authors continually shrug their shoulders and, in all friendliness, lift hands and eyebrows in their astonishment at the incorrigible waywardness of the English language. It must amuse and even instruct (for it is difficult to be aware of our own speech) any English reader. As for French readers, the authors remark :

Il ne saurait manquer d'être favorablement accueilli par les anglicistes, les journalistes, les hommes d'affaires, les économistes, et surtout par nos diplomates : ambassadeurs et consuls, chargés de sauvegarder les intérêts français dans les pays anglosaxons,—enfin par tous ceux qui ont à cœur de conserver sa pureté à notre langue et de la défendre contre l'infiltration sournoise de l'anglicisme.

We must quote from it.

Some Examples

ENGLISH readers will be entertained, and we hope enlightened, by a good many of the "items." For instance :

DOUCEUR—Ce mot français, que les Anglais nous ont emprunté au XVII^e siècle, a changé de sens depuis lors ; il veut dire aujourd'hui "cadeau", "présent" pour se concilier les bonnes grâces d'une personne, "gratification," "pourboire" et même "présent corrupteur" (synonyme de "bribe"). C'est le sens 6^e de Littré renforcé :

"After a remarkable speech in the House of Commons he received some douceur to be silent ever after."—Après avoir prononcé un discours remarquable à la Chambre des Communes, il se vit pour jamais acheter son silence.

What shades our words possess is indicated in this :

"Ribald" (adject. et subst.) :—"Ribaud," terme populaire et grossier, impudique, luxurieux, dit Littré. Ce sens est archaïque en anglais. "A ribald", c'est aujourd'hui un grossier personnage, "un mal embouché," "un cynique blasphémateur," etc.

Adjectivement, "ribald" s'applique : 1^e aux personnes et même aux oiseaux : "injurieux," "grossier," "délibérément irrespectueux" ou "sacrilège" ; 2^e au discours, aux écrits, à la conduite, dans le même sens.

"Peals of laughter were mingled with loud ribald jokes"—Des éclats de rire se mêlaient aux buoyantes plaisanteries obscènes.

—Mrs. Petherwin ne peut croire qu' Ethelberta soit l'auteur de vers un peu libres : " But surely you have not written every one of those ribald verses ? " (Th. Hardy, " Ethelberta," X. 86)—" Mais il n'est pas possible que ce soit vous qui ayez écrit tous ces poèmes si graveleux (ces gaillardises, gauloiseries) —" A ribald cuckoo clamoured " (R. Bridges.) " Shorter Poems," IV, xii, 73—" Un coucou grivois jeta son cri."

These are the most difficult things : words which have changed their meaning when transferred to English. A worse trap still for French translators is the word " hardy " of which our authors write :

" Hardy."—" A hardy mountaineer " ne doit pas s' entendre un montagnard hardi, mais résistant, endurci, robuste, vigoureux. De même, " a hardy plant " est une plante rustique.

L'adjectif français hardi est le participe passé de l'ancien verbe " hardir," endurcir.

Il est d'origine germanique et apparenté à l'anglais " hard."

" When once grown up, turkies are very hardy birds."—Une fois adultes, les dindons sont des volatiles très résistants."

" Outdoor rustic people have not many ideas, but such as they have are hardy plants " . . . (Stevenson, *An Inland Voyage*.)—Les campagnards qui vivent en plein air n'ont pas beaucoup d'idées, mais celles qu'ils ont sont des plantes rustiques.

We are not sure that this list translation is inadequate. But the difficulty, at least, is appreciated. The volume is one more indication of the enormously increased interest of Frenchmen in England.

France and England

ENGLAND has always been interested in France. We have taken from France, so far as literature is concerned, everything that she has had to give. Century after century we have subjected ourselves to French influences and drawn from France whatever she could give and we could assimilate. Until recently there was very little reciprocation. Montesquieu and other political writers were in debt to England ; Richardson had a wide influence. There were always sporadic exceptions, and the Americans, Poe and Whitman, influenced nineteenth and early twentieth-century literature from Baudelaire de Vildrac. But the ordinary cultivated Englishman has always known far more about France and French than the ordinary cultivated Frenchman has known about England and English. We were always immensely flattered when a Taine or a Jusserand deigned to take notice of us : we do not expect the ordinary French author or artist to realise that such a place as England exists, except as a country which is inhabited by a certain number of rich men who will buy " works of art " some years after their merit has been recognised everywhere else. Since the war, however, things have been

different. We have, at last, not merely as a nation of colonizers, eccentrics, tradesmen, fog-dwellers, collectors and tourists, got upon the French map. A considerable number of Frenchmen, at last, are learning English. Numerous French professors, at last, are studying English literature. Monographs are appearing in French not merely upon Shakespeare, but upon our lesser English authors: Blake, Francis Thompson, Thomson of the *Seasons*, are recent subjects of exhaustive French studies, and one of the authors of this very book is responsible for a book on the life and work of Charles Lamb. This is very much to be welcomed. It is no exaggeration to say that there is no French author from Jean de Meung to Colette who has not hundreds of English readers. There are people in England who know their Malherbe, their Beroalde de Verville, their Rousseau (not Jean Jacques), their Gerard de Nerval, their Florian, their Borel, their Péguy, their Piron, their Chénier:—to mix up people of every time and kind. Until recently an Englishman, talking to an intelligent Frenchman, could not be quite sure that the Frenchman had even heard of Coventry Patmore, and would not have been surprised had he had only the vaguest notions about Keats. All this is changing. "English Studies" are increasingly in favour in France. The two nations are inextricably bound up with each other, and the future will throw us more closely together than the past. Each is the other's complement, and it is a great relief to find that the French are at last realizing this as we have realized it for several hundreds of years. Whilst we are on this theme, it occurs to us that one of the pioneers of English Studies in France, M. Jusserand, is still alive, though in retirement after his long and successful embassy in Washington. Ought we not—he has had many intimate friends in England, including the late Sir Edmund Gosse—to take some steps in recognition of the great service that he has performed for England and for Anglo-French understanding?

English Composers and the Folk Songs

WE notice that Mr. Philip Page, in a survey of the present state of English Music in the *Daily Express*, protests violently, and even derisively, against the school of composers who take their thematic material from folk-songs. He quotes Sir Edward Elgar as saying that a composer ought to invent his own tunes, and suggests that the mere fact that Cecil

Sharp heard an old man singing an old song in a public-house does not necessarily make it a good basis for a symphony. There is certainly an element of truth in this. Reservations must be made. In the first instance this recourse to folk-song is not a peculiarly English practice. Long before Mr. Vaughan-Williams and his followers were at work, Continental composers were basing works on the folk-songs and dances of Hungary, Russia and Spain : the recognition and use of the folk-song merely came later here. In the second place there is no doubt at all that we must be eternally grateful to Mr. Cecil Sharp and his colleagues for rescuing our traditional English songs—from Somerset, and from the Appalachians—just as they were dying out : there is a musical heritage as well as a musical present, and, if our object be musical enjoyment as well as musical development, we must be grateful for these additions to our familiar music—quite apart from the fact that the folk-songs increase the scanty store of our “ permanent ” English music. In the third place it should be realized that the folk-songs have been a liberating influence. No sensible persons think of music nationally. But nationality exists and national temperament and character exist. In the last age English musicians—such as Sterndale-Bennett and Sullivan in his “ serious ” moments—derived from Germany and wrote second-rate German music. The folk-songs, so different from all foreign folk-songs in tonality and temper, were a means of escape : men went back to them in order to recover their souls. At this stage the transition has been worked and English composers (having shaken off the Mendelssohnian fetters and absorbed what there is to absorb from the folk-songs) should be ready to stand on their own feet. A national tinge in music (as in literature—which is what many Americans forget) is unavoidable if the music is genuine ; desperately pursued, a national idiom is worth nothing.

The Revenues of the B.B.C.

THE B.B.C. balance sheet, recently published, discloses gross receipts amounting to almost a million a year—and a profit. The receipts have not yet reached their maximum : the time is in sight when almost every household in Britain will possess a wireless set and pay a duty on it. What is to be done with the money ?

There Should be More Money

THERE should be even more money. The State takes half the money that comes in from wireless licences. There is no reason why it should. This is an Entertainment Tax very much heavier than the tax levied upon other forms of entertainment. When Broadcasting began, the State, by *force majeure*, was able to impose any terms it liked upon the old Company to which it granted a monopoly. Unfortunately the terms were made financially harsh, and the *damnosa hæreditas* is still with us. It was a pity that from the start Broadcasting was mixed up with the Post Office. When it started it was thought of as a branch of telegraphy and telephony, which activities fell within the sphere of the Post Office. In point of fact it is in part a branch of journalism and in part a branch of the entertainment business : its relation to wireless engineering is analogous to the relation between literature and printing. Had it happened to have been put under the Board of Education, which is not a " revenue " producing department, nobody would ever have thought of making any money out of it. The Post Office is supposed to bring in income and has seized an easy opportunity of getting money from this source as a set-off against the losses that it makes in other regards. The income of the B.B.C., were justice done and the public interests considered, ought to be twice as large as it actually is.

What to Do with the Money

WE trust that the whole situation will be reversed. It is all very well to talk about the English genius for compromise, but there is no reason in the world why a specially heavy tax should be levied upon " listeners-in " unless it is to go towards the improvement of the services they want. Even as things are, however, receipts are bound to increase for some years, and it occurs to us that these moneys should be laid out with discrimination and a due regard to the general raising of the national culture. An indication of the sort of thing that can be done was given when the B.B.C. stepped in and saved the Queen's Hall, which was threatened with conversion into a cinema. As the receipts increase cannot the precedent there established be followed up ?

A National Opera At Last

IN other words we see here a chance of financing a National Opera. We have every respect for Sir Thomas Beecham and we have watched with sympathy his gallant, though doomed, effort to finance (temporarily) a National Opera by means of an enormous number of small subscriptions. Private enterprise quite evidently cannot do the thing. State enterprise is obviously out of the question. Foreign countries only maintain opera-houses and theatres out of the rates and taxes, but we shall not. It is very, very saddening to see an Ibsen play performed in a National Theatre in Oslo (capital of a poor, thinly populated country) when Shakespeare has nowhere here to lay his head, but it is evident that our politicians dare not impose upon the taxes charges for theatres and opera-houses. Not one of them dare get up and suggest such a thing. But it is one thing to propose levying upon the taxpayers for such purposes: it is quite another to liberate for such purposes funds which the taxpayers have already subscribed for kindred purposes. Does the way out not lie here? Would it not be possible for the Opera-House of Sir Thomas Beecham's dream to be financed, and financed in perpetuity, out of the B.B.C. receipts? The "Wireless" could tap the opera whenever it felt inclined, with a book-keeping adjustment whenever this was done. On other evenings the Opera could be left to carry on by itself, with the added advertisement that co-operation with the B.B.C. must give it. We do not, soberly, think that this idea should stop here. For the first time the State is collecting money from people for cultural purposes, and a wider scope still might be given to the distribution of this money. Once more we are driven back to our old notion of a Ministry of Fine Arts, which should administer the wireless as well as the museums, and the designs of buildings, coinage and stamps, and which now could have vested in it an income worth spending and capable of being spent very fruitfully. How anomalous it all is! Beethoven's symphonies on the wireless are regarded as a part of our postal system, and the museums are regarded as a part of our educational system. Civilisation (which, according to their lights, is what most people care about) does not come in anywhere. So far as the Opera is concerned we doubt if our suggestion would encounter any serious opposition at all—certainly not from the Labour Party. It is one thing to impose new taxes in order to endow opera: it is another to refrain from embezzling moneys

actually subscribed in order that opera, and similar things, should be enjoyed by the population in general and the subscriber in particular.

Mr. J. H Round

AS we go to press we learn with great regret of the death of Mr. J. H. Round at the age of seventy-four. Mr. Round, who was an almost life-long invalid, was very little known to the general public : but as historian and genealogist he dissipated more nonsense than any man of his time. He blew Freeman sky-high ; and his *Peerage and Pedigree* is to be commended to anybody who is curious about the past, has a sense of humour and prefers truth to illusion. Few historical writers have been so caustic and few so accurate : Round's opposition was dreaded and his support was regarded as final. We hope to publish a consideration of his work in an early number. We recommend our readers to the perusal of an extremely good obituary notice of him which was published in the *Times* of June 26th.



BRATTON BARN
Woodcut by M. HAYTHORNE

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE

THE ninth award of the Hawthornden Prize was announced on the 12th June at the Aeolian Hall, when Mr. John Galsworthy, in a speech admirable alike in matter and manner, announced that the Committee had decided to give this year's prize to Mr. Henry Williamson, for his book *Tarka the Otter*. Our readers will be familiar with some of his work, as several of his stories and essays have appeared in our pages. The award was particularly interesting and gratifying, as Mr. Williamson has done a great deal of very charming work in his studies of nature and animal life, and has been unduly neglected. His other books include *Lone Swallows* and *The Old Stag*. There was a large audience, and the donor of the prize, Miss Alice Warrender, made a delightful little speech. It will be remembered that the Hawthornden Prize was founded in 1919, and is given annually to the author of what, in the opinion of the Committee, is the best piece of imaginative work in prose or verse published during the preceding twelve months by a British author under forty-one years of age. The prize consists of £100, and the previous winners were Edward Shanks : *The Queen of China* (1919) ; John Freeman : *Poems New and Old* (1920) ; Romer Wilson : *The Death of Society* (1921) ; Edmund Blunden : *The Shepherd* (1922) ; David Garnett : *Lady into Fox* (1923) ; R. H. Mottram : *The Spanish Farm* (1924) ; Sean O'Casey : *Juno and the Paycock* (1925) ; and Victoria Sackville-West : *The Land* (1926).

WE regret to hear of the death of "Donn Byrne," who was killed in a motor accident in Ireland. Byrne, whose real name was Brian Oswald Donn-Byrne, was of Irish birth and lived for many years in America. He was the author of numerous novels, of which perhaps the best were *Messer Marco Polo* and *Brother Saul*. He turned everything to high and adventurous romance, carrying his readers with him, sometimes rather breathless, but always interested and eager, and tolerant of his occasional anachronisms and his frequent odd words. His death at the early age of thirty-eight is a loss to imaginative literature.

THE English stage has lost an accomplished and intelligent actor in Dennis Eadie, who has died at the age of fifty-three. He was an admirable character-actor and did a great deal of good work. Unfortunately, when he became a manager, he did not always display that discrimination in his choice of plays which he had shown in his acting, and several of his productions were not worthy of his undeniable talents.

MESSRS. B. T. BATSFORD, of 94, High Holborn, W.C.1., announce several works on architecture, including *The Story of Architecture in England*, by Walter H. Godfrey, in two parts, of which the first is now ready. The book is designed primarily for schools and private study, and technical terms have been avoided as much as possible. The first part deals chiefly with churches, and the second part will be concerned principally with the domestic architecture of 1500 to 1800, the whole work fully illustrated with drawings and photographs. A revised edition of *The Growth of the English House*, by J. A. Gotch, formerly President of the R.I.B.A., is also to appear.

THE Society of Incorporated Accountants and Auditors are shortly to move to Astor House, on the Embankment, which was built in 1895 for the first Lord Astor by John Loughborough Pearson, R.A. It is built entirely of Portland stone and is an interesting piece of work in the modern Tudor style, with machicolated parapets, and a delightful little model of Columbus' ship in beaten copper as a weather-cock.

MESSRS. HODDER & STOUGHTON announce a £1,000 Religious Novel Competition. Competitors must be of British birth, and must submit not more than two manuscripts by the 31st March, 1929. "The two essentials are that the novel shall have a strong story and that it shall deal—in any way, to any purpose—with religious thought and conviction, and the effects of religion on human character and conduct." Further particulars may be obtained from S. Paul's House, Warwick Square, E.C.4.

THE Scholartis Press, 30, Museum Street, W.C.1., is issuing on July 5th, *Poor Women!* a book of long short stories, by Norah Hoult, in a limited edition at 7s. 6d., while another limited edition will be *An Unfrequented Highway*, a book of travel in Tibet, by John Easton, published at 21s. These indefatigable publishers are also preparing, among other things, new editions of Skelton, Spenser, Marston, Tourneur, Ford and Mrs. Centlivre; and a centenary *édition-de-luxe* of Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*. *Joseph Andrews*, the first volume of yet another edition of Fielding, is to appear in October. They also have in hand a definitive edition of Matthew Arnold, and a re-issue of the *Imitatio Christi*, with the Latin text facing the English translation. We hope that the press may long continue to pursue its aims, which are, briefly, "in matter, to please the general reader, and, in production, to satisfy even the more fastidious of that rightly fastidious class, the collectors."

MESSRS. ROUTLEDGE announce for publication in September a *History of British Civilization*, by Esmé Wingfield-Stratford. It will be a comprehensive survey of the whole of British history, designed in the first place for the general reader. It will be issued in two volumes, royal octavo, at 42s. the set.

POETRY

THREE POEMS

Lenin

(February 1927).

IT was night when I saw Lenin,
The Red Square dark but for snow.
Kremlin walls invisible, only the tower
Merged to light at the top. There, light flung upward
From a lantern unseen threw its glow
On a flag which flew on the sky,
As colours turn in the dark :
A curious unnatural scarlet.

I went through the door to Lenin.
Each side of the door
Were stationed, like figures from Noah's Ark,
Two sentries, their skirts bowling out
To a mass of solidity round their feet for the cold :
Wooden toys set firm on the base ;
And I smiled as I passed through the door.

So I came down the steps to Lenin.
With a herd of peasants before
And behind me, I saw
A room stained scarlet, and there
A small wax man in a small glass case,
Two sentries again at his feet, and one at his head,
His little hands were folded upon his breast :
Pious spinster asleep, and I said :
" Much writing those delicate hands have done."
A lamp shone red.
An aureole over him, on his red hair,
His uniform clothed him still.

Greedy of detail I saw,
In those two minutes allowed,
The man was not wax, as they said,
But a corpse, for a thumb nail was black,
The thing was Lenin.

Then a woman beside me cried
 With a strange voice, foreign, loud.
 And I, who fear not life nor death, and those who have died
 Only a little, was inwardly shaken with fear,
 For I stood in the presence of God :
 The voice I heard was the voice of all generations
 Acclaiming new faiths, horrible, beautiful faiths ;
 I knew that the woman wailed as women wailed long ago
 For Christ in the sepulchre laid.
 Christ was a wax man too, when they carried Him down to the
 grave.

Christ came not to save,
 Christ was terrible too,
 He brought not peace but a sword.

Then I knew that I too should wail with the peasant women,
 Not for Lenin, not for our Lord,
 But wail in my heart for the fireside personal gods ;
 For Apollo who leaned on the lintels of farms, in the evening
 light,
 Begging a flagon of wine. Oh for her :
 Aphrodite Anodymene,
 White in her shell.

Where goes man ? This I know :
 It was night when I saw Lenin,
 The Red Square dark but for snow.

Asian Desert

HERE the hills are earth's bones,
 Jutting up out of her ;
 Here died she long since,
 Here fell to decay ;
 Demolished by storm and rain,
 Her structure hardened to stones,
 That grow not the flesh again.

There is her spine, dark, rack-a-bones ;
 Iron stone ranges her limbs,
 Zigzagging the sky ;
 Cleansed and eased is her sex,
 Pure, bitter, and rank
 Is the hollow, the dearth of her flank ;
 Here lies the mother of men.

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Here she gave birth, brought forth,
 Stretched awry in an acid dawn,
 Came here, crowding, trampling, hating,
 Came forth her spawn.

Her spawn have abandoned her,
 Here is left nothing,
 Nothing but bone.

I am in love with her.
 No appurtenances are hers,
 No trappings are hers, only stone,
 Fossil-stone she has grown,
 No flesh tint is here. The winds blow
 Always from Asia, retrieved her flesh
 Of ecstasy long ago.

Here is she old, old.
 Here is her structure, her core ;
 Here the slate, and the surface scree, is washed down
 Into platforms of shale.
 Here she died with her heart bled brown,
 No blood coursed from her more.

Here has she no heart,
 Lies not as the land in other lands
 With her limbs apart.

This I loved not once. Her breasts
 In the past were blossom of plum,
 The slope of her shoulders
 Were uplands of Pheasant Eye, Orchis,
 Crops of Gentians
 By the plashed boulders,
 When the saps come.

Here strongly the sap is outwrung,
 Here the memory divine,
 Of an old woman is mine,
 So old she was never young.

Ah, but see, is she not beautiful ?
 Hank of stone, wrinkle of rock,
 Pared, seared, stark with age ?
 Is she not tenderer far, than when she allures
 Man on his pilgrimage ?

First Flight

HERE is the perfect vision : in the dawn,
 In smudgy dusk I rise above the plain
 Of the Persian desert. Daubed with shadow still,
 And instantly below me lies the hill :
 The rubbish heap once called the City of Rhey,
 Where Caliph Harun Al-Raschid was born.

Behind me Zoroaster's mountain rises :
 White Demavend turned fire to unseen day.
 Like a tape streams back the way,
 That leads into the kernel of all Asia.

The desert skims below.
 Like caterpillar trails the camels go,
 Marked broadly by their stacks of camel-thorn.
 Those fretful eruptions are the hills of Persia ;
 Those striped brocades her bright precarious corn.
 Now is the world, the planet where I was born,
 Dwindled, reduced
 To detail seen upon a gigantic scale.

Beyond the Bears the dark begins to fail,
 Now comes the light weltering through Carl's Wain,
 Now between stars the dawn begins to flow,
 Washing around their points in spate of green.

Beside my hand the stars hang close, go out,
 Spent candles. Now the moon most surely dies,
 So haggard hangs she on the Persian peaks,
 Who whitens misty on a Hampshire lawn.

Now in great spirals going
 I drop to the Caspian Sea.

Onward to Colchis.
 Now is a peccant world
 Seen at the purest angle of the vision :
 In perfect, in poetic state it lies.

DOROTHY WELLESLEY

April, 1927.

Life's Journey

ALL night I trod the road before me,
A starless heaven overhead,
Driven, not heeding where it bore me,
And none to tell me where it led.

But then we met, and all was lightened,
A rosy flush spread o'er the east ;
The birds sang out, the whole sky brightened,
And brought fresh joy to man and beast.

So side by side to the horizon
We walked, no doubt about the way ;
For all seemed good we set our eyes on,
To promise us unending day.

By many a pleasant stream we tarried,
We sped on over grassy slopes
Till on a height we stood unwearied
And saw the city of our hopes ;

White walled it was, with lofty towers
Across a vale. We stood to smell
The aroma of its many flowers,
Till in the silence boomed a bell

But once, and an hundred started ringing
Like laughter ; but anon they ceased,
Then rose a song of voices singing
All people to come home to feast.

Then all went still. And I confounded,
By hope raised, stricken by despair,
Palsied and healed, calm and astounded,
Both rapt, and yet left standing there,

Slept, and saw not the darkness falling ;
Awoke and called the name I loved.
But nothing answered to my calling,
And nothing in the darkness moved.

Thus as before, with none to guide me,
Dark I go onward to no bourne :
Unless once more you come beside me
And fill the east again with morn.

FRANCIS BURROWS

Threnody

THERE is grief now—There is grief now, where hung my
 blanchéd laurel-bough,
 And dark has come, I know not how, and rain and the leaves'
 falling.

I brought it there—I brought it there. It grows a terror in the air,
 A blackness, and a dim despair with troubled voices calling.

And every fluttering flaming leaf burns through and through me like
 that grief,

Beyond redemption or relief, through the sad autumn sailing,
 And the grave seasons of the soul wheel round an agonizing pole,
 Where vain mysterious planets roll with wizard torches failing.

Oh shaken to the soul, what matter, if the rains drive and the winds
 scatter

Oak leaf and maple, shred and tatter, to the last silence urging ?
 I am as they—I am as they, but trampled into deadlier clay,
 Where sick and stricken souls decay, in one sheer madness merging.

Pain stretching me with triple tension, darkness unpierced by man's
 invention,

Height overtowering our ascension, you have not force or power
 To wound me so, in this distress, as my own bitter feebleness
 Has hurt the soul without redress, in the execrable hour.

Beauty divine by me betrayed, come to mine aid, come to mine aid,
 In the spiritual ambushade where the wild arrows fly
 Of all that I abhor and hate, the dreadful and the desolate
 Missiles of overwhelming fate, at whose mere breath we die.

To escape therefrom I have no wit, but to the dreadful brunt of it
 I bow my forehead, and submit, and bear what is to bear,
 Whate'er she bear who passes now. Oh may the merciful allow
 That she feel not upon her brow the breath of this despair.

Oh all men like me grieving, grieving, whether unbelieving or believing,
 Facing harsh fantasy deceiving, good luck to you, say I.
 May you find force more fierce and drastic to grapple with deceit
 fantastic,
 Nor know, when love lies dying, how easy it were to die.

There is one guides me—There is one guides me, when my heart chides
me—when my heart chides me,

And the devil from the darkness rides me in the seven Hells of night.
When to the lashes that he wielded, I bowed in my despair, and yielded,
Against myself, myself she shielded, and dark at length was light.

Oh wind that sweeps the avalanches of scarlet from the maple-branches,
The blood of autumn nothing staunches, blow till you crack your
cheek.

Blow all your trumpets piping clear. Call back that music sweet and dear
That was too delicate to hear, that voices may not speak.

Grant me to hear above the drone of autumn in the copses lone
A sweetness and an undertone that I shall understand,
Where hangs the unwithering laurel-bough. There is grief now—There
is grief now,
And over beauty's sacred brow the shadow of the hand.

LEONARD BACON

CALYPSO*

By MAURICE BARING

*First performed by Officers of H.M.S. Calypso at Gibraltar, March 1928 ;
performed at the Adelphi Theatre, May 6th 1928.*

SCENE : *A Grotto in the Island of Ogygia. CALYPSO discovered, looking languid. Enter STEWARD.*

STEWARD : There is one god outside for you.

CALYPSO : One what ?

STEWARD : One god from Olympus.

CALYPSO : Which one ?

STEWARD : One very nice god with wings on his feet.

CALYPSO : It's Mercury. Show him in.

CALYPSO arranges her face and hair with a hand mirror and lip-stick.

Enter STEWARD and MERCURY.

MERCURY : Calypso !

CALYPSO : Mercury ! Well, this is a surprise !

MERCURY : I haven't seen you for ages.

CALYPSO : Not for two centuries. How did you come ?

MERCURY : I flew.

CALYPSO : Of course. . . . A drop of nectar ?

MERCURY : No, no, thank you ; it's much too early.

CALYPSO : *(through the curtain)* Steward ! Two Calypso's. No, two Circe's. *(To MERCURY)* : Well, what's the news ?

Enter STEWARD with two cups. He gives one to CALYPSO and one to MERCURY.

MERCURY : Happy days !

CALYPSO : *(Wearily)* Happy centuries.

They drink.

MERCURY : *(Dazed).* That's good. *(He wipes his forehead).* Very good. What is it made of ?

CALYPSO : Only honey, mint, juniper, and a dash of wormwood. My sister Circe invented it. I like it because it's not too strong.

MERCURY : No.

Whenever I drink with you, Calypso,
I feel that I might grow to be a dypso.

CALYPSO : *(Looking at MERCURY with satisfaction)* Steward, bring the god an olive.

Enter STEWARD with snacks on a tray.

MERCURY eats an olive.

You have only drunk half of it.

- MERCURY : (*Recovering control and smiling in triumph at her*) Don't be silly ! (*Quite sober and businesslike*) By the way, isn't Ulysses staying here ?
- CALYPSO : Yes. He's asleep. He sleeps a great deal. It's the sea air.
- MERCURY : Of course, let me see, how long has he been here ? Seven years, isn't it ?
- CALYPSO : No, not quite seven. Six and a half.
- MERCURY : Don't you think it's time—
- CALYPSO : He went home ? I do indeed. Every day for the last six and a half years I've said to him : You know, Ulysses, I love having you here, but I do think you ought to go home. After all, you are a married man, and I shouldn't like to vex darling Penelope ; she must be getting anxious—but he won't hear of going.
- MERCURY : Well, they are rather worried about it at Olympus. In fact I have been sent by Jupiter to beg you to let him go.
- CALYPSO : Let him go ! As if I wanted him to stay ! He's always drunk before dinner, and after dinner he goes to sleep. And then he's a bore—a Trojan War bore. He's beginning to believe it all really happened. I'm longing for him to go, but—
- MERCURY : What ?
- CALYPSO : How could I send him home without a boat ? You know, I've asked for a boat for centuries.
- MERCURY : What about the *Argo* ?
- CALYPSO : They won't let her be used.
- MERCURY : Economy ?
- CALYPSO : Yes. And considering what Venus spends on clothes—
- MERCURY : (*Pensively*) Clothes ?
- CALYPSO : My dear Mercury, you know perfectly well there's nothing so costly as simplicity. Golden hair is very expensive, and even leaves—
- MERCURY : Yes. Couldn't Ulysses make a raft ?
- CALYPSO : What with ?
- MERCURY : The pine trees round this grotto.
- CALYPSO : What ! Cut down the trees in my garden—the only trees in the island ? Never !
- MERCURY : I'd willingly give him a passage, but I'm not allowed to carry mortals.
- CALYPSO : Well, you see it's impossible. Please tell Jupiter, with my compliments, that I'm very, very sorry, but it's impossible.
- MERCURY : It's no good, Calypso. You've got to let him go. It's an order.
- CALYPSO : Very well. But I call it murder, with these currents, and the sea infested with Sirens. Of course, if they want him to be drowned—
- MERCURY : Shall I tell him ?

CALYPSO : No, I will. Goddesses understand these things better than gods.
 MERCURY : Very well. I must take advantage of the visibility. Good-bye, Calypso. I'm sure to be looking in again soon.
 CALYPSO : Good-bye, Mercury. Remember me to all of them.
 MERCURY : Good-bye. I'm sure to be looking in again soon.

Exit MERCURY. He leaves his winged cap behind him on the floor.
 Steward ! Show the god out, and ask Ulysses to speak to me, if he is up.

Exeunt STEWARD and MERCURY. CALYPSO pulls down her hair, tears her clothes, and sits on the floor weeping.

Enter ULYSSES, looking sleepy and tired.

ULYSSES : (*Wearily*) What's the matter now, darling ?
 CALYPSO : You're leaving me !
 ULYSSES : What on earth put that into your little head, your lovely little head ?
 CALYPSO : Nobody. But I thought by what you said last night that you wanted to go.
 ULYSSES : Nonsense !
 CALYPSO : Then you don't want to go ?
 ULYSSES : Of course not. How *could* I ?
 CALYPSO : And nothing would make you go ?
 ULYSSES : Nothing in the whole world.

He walks up and down in agitation.

I swear by all the gods (*he trips up over MERCURY's flying cap*). What's this ? (*he picks it up*) A winged cap ? Has Mercury been here ?

CALYPSO : He did just look in.
 ULYSSES : With a message ?
 CALYPSO : Nothing of importance. He was flying over the island, and he landed here to oil his sandals.
 ULYSSES : Did he mention me ?
 CALYPSO : Yes, he said that they thought at Olympus that you were perhaps fretting to get home, but I told him that we were *very, very* happy.

ULYSSES : I see.
 CALYPSO : And then I said, that even if you did want to go, there was the boat difficulty.

ULYSSES : Oh, that's no difficulty. I could easily make a raft. I prefer small ships to large ones. I served in rafts for years.

CALYPSO : Then you do want to go ?

ULYSSES : No, I don't *want* to go, but of course an order is an order.

CALYPSO : Who said it was an order ?

ULYSSES : I thought you said that Mercury brought an order from Olympus. He certainly didn't come here for nothing. He never flies unless he can help it. It makes him sick.

CALYPSO : But they can't make you go if you don't want to—

- ULYSSES : I shouldn't like you to incur the wrath of Jove.
 CALYPSO : Don't bother about me, please.
 ULYSSES : And the Grotto isn't thunderbolt-proof.
 CALYPSO : I don't mind thunderbolts.
 ULYSSES : But I do. I'm not immortal.
 CALYPSO : But if you marry me, you will be immortal.
 ULYSSES : Mixed marriages are always a mistake. And then, there's Penelope.
 CALYPSO : I see. You're going.
 ULYSSES : Of course, if it hadn't been an order—
 CALYPSO : It wasn't an order, darling. I was only joking. Mercury never even mentioned you. Let's forget all about it.
 ULYSSES : (*Intensely disappointed*) Very well, darling, let's forget all about it.
 A pause. ULYSSES sits looking gloomily in front of him.
 CALYPSO : Will you have a Calypso, darling ?
 ULYSSES : Yes, please, a Circe. A double one.
 Enter MERCURY.
 MERCURY : I'm sorry, Calypso, but I think I left my flying cap behind.
 CALYPSO : Yes, there it is.
 MERCURY : Thank you. Good morning, Ulysses. I suppose Calypso gave you my message ?
 ULYSSES : No.
 MERCURY : You are to proceed forthwith to Ithaca, reporting to the swineherd on arrival. You must find your own transport. They can't give you a boat. You had better make a raft. A raft is far the safest craft in these waters.
 ULYSSES : (*Joyfully*) Far the safest. The only craft.
 MERCURY : Very well. That's understood. I must go at once. It's blowing up. So long, Calypso. (*To ULYSSES, smiling and half aside*) Good luck !
 CALYPSO : Mercury always lets one down.

CURTAIN.

REFLECTION

By ARCHIBALD MARSHALL

WILLIAM DALSTON was clerk to a respectable firm of solicitors in Craddock Town. Even fifty years ago the tide of brick and pavement had almost submerged the nearer London suburbs, and the respectability of Messrs. Preedy, Beck and Preedy was more in evidence than their business, which had dwindled for some years, as Craddock Town was gradually forsaken by the sort of people who employed solicitors and inhabited by those who were apt to look somewhat askance on their activities.

But respectability proved to be their salvation after all, for when William Dalston had been with them for ten years they were appointed agents for the Amwell property, and this, besides adding to their dignity, brought them in a steady income which restored to them their former modest prosperity.

The property consisted of a few streets and squares of houses built upon land owned by the Earl of Amwell. An ancestor had built himself a large villa and laid out some acres of ground within a short drive of London, and when, in course of time, London had engulfed this rural retreat, another ancestor had relinquished the villa and given over the land to the always increasing demands of the speculative builder. He had not built himself, but had taken ground rents. In time the leases fell in, and his descendant enjoyed the fruits of his foresight in being able to collect rents from the houses, which were now his, as well as from the land on which they were built.

The falling in of the leases, besides providing Lord Amwell with more money to spend, gave his solicitors more work to do. They found it convenient to employ a local firm to handle this business for them, and the respectability of Messrs Preedy, Beck and Preedy was such that it was offered to them as a matter of course. They became agents to the agents of Lord Amwell, and William Dalston acted as agents to them, adding the duties of rent-collector to those of clerk, and gradually absorbing all the day-by-day business in connection with the property, until the firm gave him a clerk of his own, and for the second time raised his salary.

The first rise had come at a fortunate time for him. For some years he had wanted to get married, but the possibility of doing so seemed even more remote than when he had become engaged. The firm had always treated him well, but there simply wasn't enough business to justify them in increasing his salary, and indeed it seemed likely that they would have to do without him altogether soon, and he might have difficulty in keeping himself, to say nothing of a wife. But the new agency changed all that. His salary was at once raised to what was enough for him to marry on, and he used his savings to furnish his little house, instead of having to live on them until he could find another clerkship.

For some time after he had settled down to this work he didn't even know that there was such a person as the Earl of Amwell. His vision went no further than the stately firm of Fetherstone and Farebrother, who occupied a whole house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where they carried on such an amount of business that the work upon which he occasionally had to interview them was seen even by him to be a comparatively small detail. Then, in his newspaper, he came across mention of the Earl and Countess of Amwell having returned to London from Silton Park, and after that he took an interest in the family, and watched the paper for further accounts of their movements, feeling when he saw them that there was something there for him, but not for others. He searched books of reference in the Public Library for information about the family, and went on from that to look up the history of the Amwell property in Craddock Town, and found out a good deal about that, too.

At the time of his second rise, which was about five years after his marriage, he had another piece of luck. The villa had long since been pulled down, but at what had been the lodge gates there was a little house that still remained. It was in one of the main streets, but it stood behind a wall and had quite a nice little garden with a great pear-tree in it, which was a surprising sight in blossoming time, overtopping the roofs about it with its pyramid of snow. William Dalston had long had his eye upon this house, which fell vacant just at the right time. It was called Amwell Lodge, and though it was not large it had a dignity perhaps as great as any house in Craddock Town, with its name, its air of seclusion, and the space it occupied in the street of close-packed shops. There had been some talk of pulling it down and building more shops on its site, but this had been decided against for the present. William Dalston had the idea that this had been on the word of Lord Amwell himself, who might wish to preserve this last remnant of ancestral property. But he had nothing actual to go upon, and had never heard of Lord Amwell's having visited Craddock Town.

The house was rather too large to have been a gate-keeper's lodge, in spite of the name that had survived. It showed signs of having been altered at some time far back, and he formed the theory that it had been two cottages, perhaps the coachman's and the gardener's. When he had lived in it for some time he found in a little shop an engraving which showed him to be right. The wall did not appear in this picture, but there were handsome gates of wrought iron giving entrance to the drive, which had gone through what was now his garden. This explained, though it was not until later that it occurred to him, why the soil in that part of the garden was more than usually stony, where the rest was stiff London clay. It was an interesting discovery to make, and the pear-tree was shown in the picture, no higher than the gabled roof of the two-storeyed house, where it was now higher than the shops next door, which were of four storeys—a magnificent tree, of which he was as proud as if he had planted it. He had the idea of submitting his print to the inspection of Lord

Amwell, but it would have had to be done through Messrs. Preedy, Beck and Preedy, and perhaps through Messrs. Fetherstone and Farebrother, too, for the local firm had no direct dealings with his lordship, and he feared that it might stick somewhere on its journey there and back. So he had it reframed and hung it in his parlour, where it formed the subject of frequent conversation.

A little later he made a still more important find, while rummaging about the market held weekly in Craddock Town. This was a large engraving of a young man in the dress of thirty or forty years before, which he would have passed by unnoticed if his eye had not been caught by the written words beneath it : " Yours very truly, Amwell." It was a portrait of the Earl, as by now he had become accustomed to call the source from whom his prosperity flowed, and how it had got where it was puzzled him ; for even in this Lord Amwell's youth Craddock Town could scarcely have contained any of his personal friends. He bought it and hung it up over the mantelpiece of his parlour, and after a time almost persuaded himself that it was to him that the inscription had been addressed, though he had not been born when the portrait had been produced. Friends who came to the house had no doubt of its being a mark of personal esteem. He never said that it was so, but did not deny the implication. His wife may have been less scrupulous, and his daughter certainly was so, for she boasted at school of her father's connection with the Earl, and of the large portrait that had been given him. But perhaps she believed it. She had heard so much about the Earl all her life that he was like a personal acquaintance.

As the years went by, and the affairs of the Amwell estate, so far as they were apparent to the tenants, fell entirely into his hands, William Dalston became a personage of importance in Craddock Town, second not even to Mr. Beck, the sole surviving partner of the firm. Mr. Beck sat in his office nearly all day and did not reside in Craddock Town. William Dalston also sat for the most part in his office. His under-clerk did the actual collecting of the rents, and he was seen outside only on occasions of special import. His room at the office gave him unfailing satisfaction. It had been one of the partners' rooms when there had been three of them, and he sat at his large writing-table, when he interviewed callers and presented leases to be signed, a dignified but not unapproachable figure. He had modelled his deportment not so much upon Mr. Beck as upon Mr. Farebrother, whom he had sometimes seen in the days when he had taken papers to and from the office in Lincoln's Inn Fields. He wore a black coat and dark grey trousers, a high old-fashioned collar and a black satin fold-over tie with a pin set with garnets. One of Mr. Farebrother's had had a ruby. He was never seen in the streets of Craddock Town without a tall hat. His clothes lasted him a long time because he had to be very careful with them. His salary was still very small for the dignity of his position, and he paid ten pounds a year more for Amwell Lodge than his budget ought to have shown for rent.

His importance in Craddock Town, or in that part of it represented by the Amwell estate, was not a matter of his imagination. All but the larger questions between landlord and tenant were decided by him, and decisions upon which he took Mr. Beck's instructions were conveyed by him. He was the arbiter upon whose word hung matters sometimes of great moment to the poorer class of tenant. He could grant accommodation where rent was overdue, or refuse it. Even with the better class, among whom he counted his personal friends, he could be either stiff or yielding about repairs or renewals. He was considered strict but on the whole just, and in the last resort he was sometimes merciful.

"Mr. Dalston can't say himself, but he'll put it up to his lordship. Hope his lordship's had a good dinner and won't be 'ard on us."

That kind of thing was said with a hint of sarcasm, but nobody imagined that his lordship took no personal interest in such questions, or that Mr. Dalston was not in frequent communication with him. He would never have told anyone that he would put this or that up to Lord Amwell, nor would he have meant to give a wrong impression; but he thought it right to present him in a human light, and had no doubt that if he had not been so old he *would* have taken a kindly interest in his tenantry. His reading had told him that good landlords did so on their country estates, so why not on their town estates too?

He came to be known himself in Craddock Town as "the Earl." When this came to his ears he didn't like it, partly because he suspected ridicule, partly because he thought it derogatory to the real Earl. But as the nickname spread, and he became used to it, it brought him some gratification. He had no wish to ape the ways of the aristocracy, but he wouldn't have been called that if there had not been something about him superior to other people. He was pleased when his daughter told him that a schoolfellow had thought he really was the Earl, though he professed to be annoyed. "I hope you told her the truth," he said. She said she had; but truth-telling was not her strong point.

He belonged to the Craddock Town Conservative Club, where sociability was occasionally discommoded by politics. One day, when a General Election was approaching, he was asked by the secretary if he could persuade the Earl to take the chair at a meeting. He was gratified by the request, and what it implied. For the moment he thought of accepting the commission. He took little part in politics himself, but if he succeeded in getting Lord Amwell on to the platform he would certainly be given an honoured place on it himself, and would be seen by many in his company. Even if the Earl refused, he would have communicated with him directly, which he had never yet done. But only the morning before he had seen one of the rare mentions of Lord Amwell in his paper, which announced that on account of advancing age he had resigned some post of honour and could fulfil no more public engagements. So he said that the Earl was now too old to fulfil any public engagements, or he would have asked him with pleasure. The secretary was slightly

annoyed at his refusal, and wrote himself. He had a reply from someone in Lord Amwell's employ pointing to the announcement that had been published only two days before. From that time more sarcasm crept into the use of the nickname "the Earl." He saw that he was suspected of giving himself airs on account of his connection, which troubled him.

One evening he was reading his paper at the club, within hearing of a group of men discussing racing. One of them called out to him : " Here, Mr. Dalston, can you give us any inside information about this here Firefly ? Does your governor mean to run him straight or doesn't he ? "

He was aware that Lord Amwell had kept a racing stud, which was now run by his son, Lord Ware ; but racing was of such small interest to him that he had paid less attention to this activity of the family than to any other of which he had knowledge.

He was in arms at the tone of the question, from a man to whom he had hardly ever addressed a word. " Certainly any horse of Viscount Ware's will run straight," he said stiffly.

There was a laugh at this, which aroused his anger ; but he affected to take no notice of it, and returned to his paper.

" I'm not talking of *any* 'orse of Viscount Ware's," persisted the man. " I'm talking of *this* 'orse. Have you got any inside information ? "

He kept silence.

" Look 'ere, Mr. Dalston, will you back him ? Now that's a fair question."

He looked at him steadily, and said : " I am not a betting man. I have never made a bet in my life. But I will back Firefly."

" Well, that's something. Will you back him for a fiver ? "

" I will."

The moment he had said it he regretted it. He knew little enough about racing, but knew that he was at least as likely to lose a bet as to win it. And five pounds would be a serious loss to him. He received an immediate reward, however, in the impression caused by his answer. Bets of five pounds were practically unknown in the Craddock Town Conservative Club, and the amount had only been mentioned in derision. But one of the group was a bookmaker, who cheerfully booked the bet, at thirty to one. " I believe you know something after all, Mr. Dalston," he said, " It's you close ones who give us 'ard-working men all the trouble."

He did not respond to this geniality. " I'm afraid I haven't five pounds on me at the moment," he said, with a sinking heart but an impassive face, " but I will hand it you to-morrow afternoon."

" Oh, no trouble about that, Mr. Dalston," said the bookmaker. " You can 'and it me when the 'orse loses."

But the 'orse won. It was one of Lord Ware's few successes that season. The unhappiness that William Dalston had concealed for two days changed into incredulous amazement when he bought his fifth evening paper and saw : " I. Firefly," smudged in a corner of it. His amazement covered the reception of a cheque for a hundred and fifty pounds, which

was a far larger sum than he had ever possessed before, but he concealed that too, and had nothing to say to the envious congratulations that were showered upon him. Nobody would believe that he hadn't had the tip straight from the stables, perhaps from Lord Ware himself, and his refusal to bet when he had such information at his command, combined with his immediate acceptance of this one challenge, made him respected to the point of reverence. Nobody now thought that he gave himself undue airs over his intimacy with a noble family. It was rather the other way about ; he kept things to himself. If he was still called " the Earl," it was with a feeling that he was almost as good as one.

His wife was horrified at the risk he had run, as indeed he was himself ; but she and his daughter benefited by some new clothes and a week's holiday by the sea, while the rest of the money was added to his meagre savings, and gave him a sense of support.

They went to Sandmouth, not far from which was Silton Park, the seat of the Earl of Amwell. It was too far for a walk, but he went to the extravagant length of hiring a fly to pay a visit to this shrine. They had tea at the Amwell Arms, and on his telling the landlady that he was in charge of the Earl's London property, and tendering his card with " Amwell Lodge " upon it as proof of the statement, she said she thought that as the family was not there the housekeeper would show them the house, though it was not usually shown to visitors. So they drove up to it, and were struck with pious awe at the length of the drive, the laid-out beds of a flat but extensive garden, and the façade of a large but ugly house. Their appreciation of these immensities was troubled by the question of whether they should apply at the front door or the back door. They could not agree, and left it to the fly-man, who deposited them at the front door. But it was almost in agony of mind that he stood at the top of the naked flight of steps and listened to the clangour of the bell he had set in motion.

They waited a long time, but he did not dare to repeat the summons. At last the door was unbolted and unchained and unlocked, a long operation that increased his disquietude, and a young maid showed herself, apparently as nervous as he was. He sent in his card, with an explanation to the housekeeper, whose name he had learnt at the inn, and was left waiting on the doorstep, half inclined even now to turn back from the temerous enterprise. But his dignity helped him to an appearance of calm. His wife and daughter were dressed in the clothes that his late speculation had enabled him to buy for them, and he had renewed all his own in the remembered likeness of Mr. Farebrother.

The housekeeper came hurrying across the echoing hall, full of apologies for the stupidity of her maid in having left them standing outside. She made no difficulty about showing them the house, but asked them first to do her the honour of taking a cup of tea with her, to which she had just been about to sit down. Such an invitation could not be refused, and having had their own tea they were able, without corporal inconvenience, to practise that polite absence of appetite which was expected of them as

Londoners. The housekeeper was a Londoner herself, and had lived not far from Craddock Town, though she was ignorant of his lordship owning any property there. She knew little about the family, for she had filled her present situation for only two years, and during that time they had not been at Silton Park. She told them that she felt almost like the mistress of the house herself, though she should be glad to see a bit of company there sometimes, as she had heard there used to be before his lordship got so old.

Her room was larger and far better furnished than the parlour at Amwell Lodge, and greatly impressed them, but it was only a foretaste of the glories presently revealed, as she led them through room after room, of which the little maid going on before had opened the shutters. Most of the furniture was covered up, but enough was revealed to show an almost unimaginable state. The pictures, though of little interest to these visitors, being, as the housekeeper said, very old-fashioned, were so numerous as to make the house look like one of those picture galleries.

A bare space on a wall of the great saloon imposed itself. "There was a picture sold from there just before I came," said the housekeeper.

William Dalston told her that that was the Rubens, which had fetched fifteen thousand pounds.

"Well, I never!" she said, "Why, you know more about it all than I do."

They agreed that where there were so many one wouldn't be missed, though it was a pity not to fill up the space.

"You could sell the lot for me, if they fetched that price," said the housekeeper, who had become very friendly, "and hang up something more like what things really are."

William Dalston would have exchanged some of the bleak though decorated immensity of the range of rooms through which they were led for a more intimate note. This seemed hardly to exist; only a little room, which the housekeeper called the gun-room, indicated human occupation. Nothing was covered up here. It had a writing-table furnished for use, and there were books and sundry articles lying about on other tables and on shelves. Over the mantelpiece was that portrait of Lord Amwell which hung also over the mantelpiece at Amwell Lodge. It had the same inscription: "Yours very truly, Amwell," in exactly the same hand, and William Dalston first suspected that this was as much part of the print as the figure itself. But the recognition brought him so close that he felt he had made many strides in his intimacy with the Earl, who must often have sat in this room and written letters at the table at which for a moment he seated himself, taking up a pen which the Earl must have held in his fingers and rubbing the same wood with his sleeve, as he affected to write a few words on the blotting-pad.

On one side of the chimneypiece was a glass cupboard lined with baize, which held upright some well-oiled guns, and on the shelf underneath it were some little blue brass-bound tubes, one of which he fingered curiously.

"Some of his lordship's cartridges," said the housekeeper, "You'd better take one as a souvenir, Mr. Dalston; only look out that it doesn't go off."

Hardly aware under what conditions it might go off, he pocketed the cartridge, as well as his sense of accepting something that was not strictly the housekeeper's to give away. He kept it on his mantelpiece under the portrait of Lord Amwell, and it was visible proof of his having visited Amwell Park, the magnificence of which he would describe to sympathetic friends, though he made no assertions that went beyond the truth of his visit. Nor perhaps did his wife, but the general impression in Craddock Town was that the Dalstons had taken tea with the Earl and Countess. His daughter, pursuing her studies at a larger school, to which the recent addition of his capital had enabled him to send her, provided herself with no more than a line of retreat in the unlikely event of its being asserted that the Earl and Countess had not resided at Silton Park for some years. It was accepted among her new schoolfellows that she and her parents had stayed as honoured guests in the house, and that her father had spent his August holiday shooting at pheasants and other birds with Lord Amwell.

Soon after this the Earl died. William Dalston changed his grey trousers for black ones, put a mourning band round his hat and suppressed the garnet pin. His wife went to the extent of crape, and his daughter drew sympathy to herself by breaking down in a history lesson in which there was mention of some Earl—Bolingbroke or another,—and wiping her eyes with a heavily-bordered handkerchief. A memorial service was announced to be held at a church in London at the same time as the interment at Silton. Mr. Beck attended this, as representative of the Amwell estate in Craddock Town, and William Dalston had to stay by the office, where he read the burial service to himself in his darkened room. His wife and daughter went to the service, those who were present with them providing them with conversation lasting over weeks. It was a disappointment not to see any of the immediate family, who were at Silton at that time, but their own names appearing next day in a list which contained many titles gratified them, and they had brought away two specially printed service books, one of which was lodged on the mantelpiece, with the cartridge keeping it open at the place which showed in whose memory the service had been held.

Not long after the old Earl's death the new Earl was divorced by his wife. It was a much-discussed case, and divided the Dalston family for a time. Mrs. Dalston took the side of the Countess, and said that she couldn't understand such goings on, Earl or no Earl. Her husband would not commit himself, beyond saying that there were no doubt faults on both sides, but was shaken in secret. With his friends at the Conservative Club he sheltered himself behind professional correctitude, but when the case was decided against the Earl he told one or two that he was not the man his father had been. His daughter was not supposed

to know anything about the case, but confided to her intimates that she had seen it coming but had been able to do nothing to stop it.

About a year later William Dalston was called into Mr. Beck's room and told that the Craddock Town property was to be disposed of. It would give them a considerable amount of work for some time to come, the details of which were discussed at length. At the end of the interview Mr. Beck told him that when this business was disposed of he intended to retire altogether. He should make arrangements with another firm to take over what would be left, but he doubted whether it would be worth their while to take on another clerk with it. William Dalston might possibly retain his old position with the people who were nibbling at buying the estate intact. He would keep his eyes open for him, and there was no need to worry about it yet.

It seemed to him a dreadful thing that the Amwell estate should no longer belong to the Earls of Amwell, and it overshadowed for a time consideration of how it might affect himself. When he did put his mind to this he was appalled. Even if the estate was sold as a whole, and he kept his present position, how different it would be! Amwell Lodge would certainly be pulled down, and the line of shops completed. Instead of the dignified representative of the Earls of Amwell, he would be rent-collector for a Company, and would certainly lose most of the rights he had enjoyed for so many years. His salary was likely to be reduced, and it was small enough already. He would be a nobody, where before he had been a figure of always increasing dignity and reputation. It was not to be borne. He would leave the place altogether and find work elsewhere.

But surely his long service to the Earls of Amwell entitled him to some consideration at the hands of the present one! He had upheld *their* dignity. Before his time it had hardly been known in Craddock Town that they had any connection with the place; he had not known it himself. Now there was nobody who did not know it. And yet neither the last nor the present Earl had ever taken any interest in the place so far as he knew, and the disagreeable idea first dawned upon him that Lord Amwell was not likely to take any particular interest in him, though this went against all the ideas upon which he had built up his life, and he did not retain it as a conviction. He would at any rate see if he could do something with Mr. Farebrother, and when the time approached for the sale at auction, at which the whole property was to be split up—for the other deal had broken down—he went to Lincoln's Inn Fields and asked for an interview.

He had not been there for some years. Mr. Beck went occasionally on matters of importance, otherwise a junior clerk. Mr. Farebrother received him kindly. He agreed that it was hard that he should be losing his position at his time of life, especially as he had so well fulfilled his duties. Mr. Farebrother knew little of the way in which he had fulfilled his duties, for he had had no contact with him since he had acted as little more than a messenger. But the man looked so eminently respectable

in his queer old-fashioned clothes, and certainly the agency work had been well done, never giving them any trouble or demanding so much as a visit to the benighted spot from any but subordinates. He would like to find him a job if he could.

"How would you like to work in a country estate office?" he asked him, after he had considered for a time.

He was a lifelong Londoner and his heart sank, but he said that beggars couldn't be choosers. He had some money laid by, but he must get some sort of work, in connection with house property if possible.

"Well, I understand that building is in contemplation," said Mr. Farebrother, after another pause of consideration, "It is quite possible that they may be glad of a man who knows something about that side of it. It would be at Silton, not far from Sandmouth. I'll do what I can for you, Mr. Dalston. My word may have weight."

He went away in a state of exaltation. Mr. Farebrother's saying that his word might have weight was no more than caution, or perhaps modesty. Of course his word would decide the matter.

He had dreaded a country appointment upon its first being mentioned, but the name Silton had changed everything. He had had half a hope that Mr. Farebrother would offer him work in his own office, which he would have preferred to anything; but he had not thought then of the estate office at Silton. That was better still. Instead of leaving the familiar ways of life and going out into an unknown wilderness, with his home in ruins behind him, he would be moving from a lower post to a higher. Lord Amwell's name had not been mentioned in his interview, but his would certainly be mentioned to the Earl, when Mr. Farebrother asked for the appointment for him. The long and faithful service he had given would be brought to his notice, and he would know that he could rely upon it in circumstances that would bring them into more intimate touch. To live at Silton would be wholly delightful. It was the one country place that was real to him, though he had been in it only a few hours. He saw himself respected by the tenants there, as he had been by the tenants in Craddock Town, but with an added dignity, because he would be so much nearer to the fountain head. He saw himself respected and frequently consulted by the Earl himself, who, if he had not already taken up his residence at Silton Park, must be going to do so now, as developments were in contemplation on the estate. His life would be full of interest; and he would be going among friends too. He had liked the housekeeper, who had treated him and his wife and daughter as at least her equals, and also the landlady at the inn, which was so different from the public-houses of Craddock Town, and had a warmth about it that would make up for the loss of the sociabilities of the Conservative Club. To go from Craddock Town to Silton would be not unlike one of those aristocratic progresses from town to country that he had seen announced in that part of the newspaper which he had searched for mention of the Earl.

His wife and daughter were as pleased as he was. He had kept his worst doubts and fears to himself, but they knew as well as he did that his severance from the Amwell connection would reflect upon them all. But now, when they left Craddock Town, it would be in a blaze of glory. The property was being sold—they had suffered from that—but the personal connection would be closer than before. Mrs. Dalston let it be known that it was only because of her husband's exemplary management of the London property that the Earl had left him where he was for so long. There is no telling what the daughter, now released from the necessity of caution, gave her associates to understand, but it was generally accepted that she was to share a finishing governess with the Earl's daughters.

He did not hear from Mr. Farebrother for a fortnight, during which time arrangements for the break up of the Amwell property drew near to their conclusion, and he paid his last instalment of rent for Amwell Lodge. But at last he had a note making an appointment, and Mr. Farebrother said at once when he presented himself: "Well, Mr. Dalston, I hadn't forgotten you. They will make a place for you at Silton, and I hope by and by it will be a good one, though at present it isn't worth much. Still, I think I should take it if I were you."

"Oh yes, sir," he said, more loquacious than his wont under the immense relief brought to him; for his doubts had revived during his period of waiting. "And I'm sure I'm very grateful to you for putting in your word. I've served the Earl and his father for nigh upon thirty years, and I want nothing better than to go on serving him."

Mr. Farebrother looked at him as if he didn't quite understand. "The Earl?" he said. "Oh, you mean Lord Amwell. But I thought you knew—still, it isn't generally known—that Silton is to be sold. It has been a white elephant for years. Part of the estate that lies near the sea is to be developed, and that is where your work will lie. But they will take you into the old estate office now, and you must be prepared to make yourself generally useful there. You have been helping over the disposal of the Craddock Town property, and I told them that you would be just the man to employ over the disposal of the Silton property, though you will be working on the other side, you understand."

William Dalston is a respected figure in the growing seaside resort of Silton Beach, where he collects rents and deals with leases and other questions of tenancy. It is recognized that he is rather out of his element in this kind of work, though he performs it so competently. For he is a survival of the old order of things, and was a trusted agent of the Earls of Amwell, who used to own all the land over which Silton Beach now spreads itself, and some thousands of adjacent acres. He does not live at Silton Beach, but in what used to be the chief lodge of Silton Park, where the Earls of Amwell lived before it was turned into a young ladies' school. The village of Silton remains much as it was, and its inhabitants

also deal with Mr. Dalston in matters of tenancy. Some of them used to pay rent to Lord Amwell's estate agent, but it is many years since the family resided at Silton Park, and their memory is becoming dim. Mr. Dalston had not been there then, except on an occasional visit to Silton Park, but he is understood to have been in close contact with their successive lordships in the management of their London property, and perhaps more than anyone now left in Silton keeps the personal tradition alive. A signed portrait of the last Earl but two hangs in his parlour, and underneath it is a service book presented to Mrs. Dalston at his funeral, and an old black-powder cartridge which Mr. Dalston preserved as a memento of his lordship.

Mr. Dalston's daughter pays brief but brilliant visits to her parents. In London she is known as Belle Amwell, and, as every chorus girl is said to carry a Countess's coronet in her vanity bag, and in theatrical circles she is reported to be already connected with the peerage by birth, her appearance in the future may reasonably be expected to be more brilliant still.

AN EXAMINATION PAPER ON *THE WRONG BOX*—II

By M. S. A. & I. B.

ANSWERS.

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SOME MEMORIES OF EDMUND GOSSE

By GEORGE SAINTSBURY

THE obituary notices of the late Sir Edmund Gosse, though in more than a few cases ample and well deserved, have naturally and necessarily for the most part been written by those who knew him, if not wholly, yet chiefly, in later life. My case is exactly the reverse. Some accidents (including the very important one that for the last thirty years and more I have never lived in London or anywhere near it for more than a few days at a time) brought it about that we never met during that period. But for nearly twenty years earlier from 1877 to 1895 we were in constant communication, and perhaps some memories of this time, with a few general remarks based on them, may not be tedious—may even interest more than one class of reader. For few Englishmen of letters have been more widely known in England than Sir Edmund, and I should suppose hardly any out of it.

As to the subject of our own first meeting, I think he made a slight mistake in something he wrote not long ago about the Savile Club. It was not there, but at the Oxford and Cambridge, where Mr. Andrew Lang had invited him, Mr. Austin Dobson, and me to dine somewhere about this very season, I think in the year 1877. Exactly how or why this meeting generated in that remarkable gutter of Fleet Street, which is so fertile in things new and strange, the idea of a sort of very inferior *Pléiade* cut down to four, with my humble self for the dark star—possibly in wickedness, certainly in being no poet—I cannot say. But as a fact, and that not for a very few years, the notion was bruited abroad. He and I had the worst of it. I remember an extremely eccentric person who did some really good work in editing seventeenth-century literature, while allowing some merit to Lang and Dobson, begging his readers in a Preface to “shun Gosselings and bury Saints.”

This unpopularity, however, naturally did not interfere with (perhaps helped) private friendship. Both my fellow-guests walked home with me after Lang’s dinner as far as Kensington, though Gosse’s abode was then, not indeed as it later was, in the Regent’s Park, but beyond the Great Western Railway and on the edge of the Grand Junction Canal. And this was only the first of many perambulations or divagations with him—Fleet Street, Whitehall, Paddington and Brompton being the starting points and the endings—as well as of meetings at the Savile and elsewhere.

Gosse was an extraordinarily good companion. I used, I believe, those very words the other day, since his death, to a man who had never known him till many years after I last saw him and this man assented enthusiastically. I never heard him express any dislike to solitude; but somehow or other I can’t imagine him alone. I do not think his interests were exactly

universal. In politics he certainly had none at all ; and I never knew him shew any in any kind of sport, whereas I myself, though from defects of eye and hand a hopeless duffer at everything practically sportive, never miss the racing, rowing or cricket columns in my *Times*. It may be said : " Oh ! but you were both supremely interested in literature." Perhaps, but I don't remember talking much " shop " with him. The fact is that he was born social : and if you are that, subjects of conversation supply themselves with an uncanny fertility. Moreover, he could not only converse, but he had the far rarer art of managing conversation. I have known him turn off some awkward remark or subject in a mixed gathering, with almost a conjuror's ingenuity.

This suggests to me a certain surprise at remarks that I have seen recently as to " severities " on his part. It is, of course, more natural that such things should come from a man middle-aged and old as well as holding a not inconsiderable position, than from a " Johnny Eames " in his earlier stages. I have known Gosse say rash and inconsiderate things ; in fact I have known him get into some trouble by doing so—but I do not think I ever knew him take the deliberate offensive in the fashion of his ill-starred enemy Churton Collins. As for that curious affair, there was, I think, without magnifying past things too much, a little more in it than from some recent notices people nowadays naturally seem to think. Everybody knows the story of the French Marquis who complained that Paris was not worth living in, for wherever you went people were talking of nothing but two nobodies named Diderot and Rousseau who had quarrelled. London in the last quarter of the nineteenth century was not Paris under the *ancien régime* : and while Gosse was not quite Jean-Jacques, Collins was not in the very least like Diderot. But it is quite true that people whom you would never have thought likely to take an interest in the smaller and later quarrel, did so. And there was more in it than mere carelessness on one side and mere pedantry on the other. Collins, who was an enemy of mine too, though Heaven knows I was never an enemy of his,* was, I think, rather finely characterised at his death in the *Times* by a sentence something like this : " Unfortunately, he was apt to let his own disappointments colour his estimate of those who were more fortunate than himself." If Gosse had not been Clark Lecturer at Cambridge I doubt whether the once famous article on his *From Shakespeare to Pope* would ever have appeared. Also the men had been more or less intimate friends, which, to Gosse, who was at that time at any rate a very sensitive person, made the sting of the matter.

He was happier in others of his friends : and his faculty for making them redounded to their own advantage.† I do not remember many more in their way " Ambrosian " nights than a supper at his Venetian residence by the

*There may be arguments for altering the prepositions : but I think the meaning is clear.

†Sometimes to my knowledge he would take very much trouble to do or get done things for their comfort.

canal, nearly fifty years ago, with Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Leicester Warren, afterwards Lord de Tabley, present to complete the party. One had, of course, heard that there might be danger in the company of the author of *Atalanta*, but there was nothing inharmonious there : and it was fun to find out that shy corners of Anderson and Chalmers, which one had thought nobody had explored since Hartley Coleridge, were familiar to Swinburne. Many years afterwards, and just before my removal to Edinburgh, there are memories of a fresh generation connected with that interesting club in Whitehall to which Gosse then belonged and which was, if it is not now, supposed to have decided ecclesiastical leanings. All I can say on that point is that it could have satisfied both parties on the principles of the butler or landlord who laid it down for the benefit of someone ordering a clerical dinner that if the parsons were Low Church it was the food that was most important ; if High, the wine. With regard to the first head somebody once addressed to Gosse a passionate parody of Herrick :

Bid me to lunch ! content I am
Thy Protestant to be,
And eat the salmon and the lamb
So pure from Papistrie !

While as to the wine they had a marvellous tap of that curious '88 claret which was perfectly delicious when young ; which for the most part faded early, but which to my extreme surprise, I was told the other day by a visitor at Bordeaux itself, still in some examples keeps a charmed life. It was here that poor John Davidson, next whom I was sitting and to whom, having committed a crime not infrequent when a homebred Scot is one's neighbour, I had apologetically said, " I am afraid I've taken your bread away, Mr. Davidson," replied neatly enough : " I'm afraid that's what a critic usually does to a poet, Mr. Saintsbury." In fact, Gosse's genius for knowing people *was* extraordinary : " *Him* not to know," etc., and men might have adapted and probably did adapt, quite good-naturedly and respectfully, the not originally good-natured, respectful or respectable words of the Latin poet as to his feeling *frustra moriturus* if he left anyone worth knowing unknown. I believe he once made an expedition in foursome to France with two quite intimate friends of my own, whom I didn't know he knew—the late Mr. S. H. Reynolds of Brasenose, East Ham, and the *Times*, and the late Mr. Registrar Hood, and to complete the rubber (I don't think *he* played, but both Reynolds and Hood would not have been happy without one) that most remarkable person Laurence Oliphant, whom I regret to say I never met.

But it is time to turn to the literary side of him, though his singular sociability was by no means unconnected with it. Of Gosse's poems I do not propose to say much—not that I thought badly of them or failed to enjoy them. But I do not think this is the time or the place. If I have any wish to be alive in the early part of the twenty-second century (and I really do not know that I have) it is because it will probably then be possible, as it quite certainly is not now, to take and get taken a sound

comparative estimate of the things that received the name of poetry in the second and third quarters of the nineteenth century and the things that now receive and for some time have been receiving that name. When, if ever, that estimate is taken, the "evaluator of π " will not be able to confine himself to Tennyson and Browning and Arnold, to Swinburne and the Rossettis and William Morris. He will have to take not a few others : and Gosse (I am of course naming no living persons of any class) among them. But at present there is something more than a danger of speaking with a prejudiced mouth to more or less unhearing ears. Only let it be said that, beyond all cavil or contest, he was free from the ghastliest infirmity of the hopeless poetaster : he did not go on worrying the Muses after they had ceased to invite his attentions.

About his prose, and especially his criticism, it may however be permitted to say something.

It is of course a mere fact of literary history that, towards the middle of the nineteenth century, what may be called the settled Georgian style which had matured from Addison to Southey, and of which the last and not far from the greatest exponent was Cardinal Newman, broke up in various ways, the breaks producing some new crystals of great beauty and a good deal of dust and splinterage. For a time the main tendency was towards ornament ; but I do not remember that Gosse was ever very flowery or spangly. I do seem to remember in his earliest articles something of a suggestion of Matthew Arnold's mannerism, but it was never excessive and almost disappeared before long. After its disappearance I think his style became remarkable for what you might call a French rather than an English temper—not unnatural considering his French blood. I hope I need not emphasise the fact that I do not refer to any Gallicisms in it. Somebody perhaps has said that the first object of a classical French writer is to make it perfectly clear what he means, while the first object of most great English ones outside the Georgian period has been to leave suggestions of, and temptations to, side-issues and effluences of thought. I don't think Gosse ever aimed at that : though there could never have been justice in taxing him with dullness or flatness.

As for matter, you could not call him exactly erudite. By no fault of his own he had missed the full training in ancient language and literature which was usual in his day : and though he undoubtedly carried out later, and much more thoroughly than Colonel Newcome, the system of "in translations, Sir, in translations", that (begging the pardon of some present day theories and theorists) never comes to the same. He did, I believe, some good and early work in Middle High German, and his Scandinavian studies must have been invaluable in supplying the precious contrast to home stuff. But again I do not think that he had a knowledge of Old and Middle English, or of Old French, at all correspondent to his familiarity with the later, longer and in every sense greater volume of the two literatures. He possessed, however, not merely wide miscellaneous reading in various tongues, but the far rarer and far more valuable *flair* for literature

as we may call it—for literature as literature and at the same time for literature as a human product, a point where the sociability above dealt with comes in. Some of us have been abused, perhaps rightly, for considering this thing “literature” too much in *itself* or in addition only its effect on *themselves*. This was no fault of Gosse’s. I always used to admire, from his earliest things in the *Academy* more than half a century ago to his latest in the *Sunday Times* just before his death, the peculiar quality of his reviews, which were affable without condescension, well-informed and informative without treating his readers as capons to be crammed, and “elegantly” written (it is a pity that that good old word has become almost impossible) without being painted and bedizened in words. I can remember when it used to be said of one famous weekly review, that it told you what you *ought* to read (some people seem to have been grateful for this), of another that it cut, carved and arranged its subjects very skilfully, but left very little life in them; of a third that it used them as texts for preachments which were always very long and generally very dull. None of these things could be said of Gosse’s work.

One thing used to be said of him to which I have seen some notice, though not much, given in the obituaries—to wit, that he was from the first preparing Memoirs in which we, or our successors, were all to be served up: the usual suggestion being naturally sometimes added, that his writing our lives should be prevented by our taking his. But what does it matter what other people think or even say of you? What does matter is what you think of and say to yourself—unless of course you have listened to the blandishments of that attractive but naughty girl Miss Selfdeceit, and used her pipeclay as described in his Allegories by good young Mr. William Adams, Etonian and Mertonensian, a hundred years ago.

THE PARISH PUMP

By FRANCIS CLARKE

THE *Victoria History of the Counties of England* was originated in 1899, mainly by the initiative of Sir Lawrence Gomme. It was dedicated to the Queen, and bears her name by her command. At the same time she became the first subscriber to the complete work. Sir Lawrence Gomme and Mr. H. A. Doubleday (editor of the *Complete Peerage*) were the first general editors, but Sir Lawrence very soon found that his public duties necessitated his retirement. Mr. Doubleday was joined by Mr. William Page as co-editor in 1902 and succeeded by him as sole editor in 1904. Since then the *History* has remained under Mr. Page's sole supreme direction. The outbreak of war brought about the suspension of the work when seventy-three volumes had been published; recently progress has been resumed, and eighty-seven volumes have now been issued out of about two hundred which will be required to complete the project. The *History* began its existence at 2 Whitehall Gardens, that pleasant and famous house which was formerly the residence of Disraeli and later the home of the War Cabinet. Its staff afterwards moved to the upper part of Messrs. Constable's offices in Orange Street, but since the resuscitation of work after the war its library and its immense collection of materials have been housed in a storehouse built in the gardens of the editor's house at the little Sussex parish of Middleton near Bognor. Here all the editorial work of the *History* is carried on. Messrs. Constable published the work until 1922, when it was taken over by the St. Catherine Press. The *History* is well known to scholars as one of the most important enterprises of contemporary English scholarship; yet an even wider public acquaintance with its character, objects and requirements may help to ensure and accelerate its completion. It is in the hope of contributing to this wider acquaintance that these few pages are written. And it will not be inappropriate to preface a description of the *History* itself with some commemoration of the old English antiquaries whose work has done so much to make it possible, while at the same time their limitations of opportunity more often than of capacity have helped to make it necessary.

The leading names among English antiquaries down to the accession of the Hanoverian dynasty are John Leland (1506?-1552), John Stow (1525?-1605), William Camden (1551-1623), Sir William Dugdale (1605-1686), Thomas Fuller (1608-1661), Thomas Rymer (1641-1713), and Thomas Hearne (1678-1735). Leland was the father of modern English antiquarian scholarship, and a typical figure of the Renaissance. Educated at St. Paul's, Cambridge, Oxford and Paris, an accomplished Latin and Greek scholar, familiar also with French, Italian and Spanish, author of Latin panegyrics on Henry VIII and his ministers, a Royal

Chaplain and Rector of Pepeling in the marches of Calais, Leland was invested by Henry VIII in 1533 with the office of King's Antiquary, in which he had neither predecessor nor successor, and was commissioned to search for English antiquities in all places where records were deposited. In the execution of this task he made a six years' tour through England, and collected the information afterwards published in the *Itinerary*. When the monasteries were dissolved he was anxious to save their records from destruction or dispersion and collect them for the royal library, which

would be a great profit to students and honour to this realm ; whereas now the Germans, perceiving our desidiousness and negligence, do send daily young scholars hither that spoileth them and cutteth them out of libraries, returning home and putting them abroad as monuments of their own country.

Germany in the early sixteenth century, with her trade and finance still flourishing in both the Baltic and the Mediterranean and her political disruption not yet complete, was an extremely wealthy country. Leland published very little in his lifetime ; his manuscripts were used by many scholars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, Bale, Harrison, Holinshed, Stow, Camden, Dugdale, Burton ; but it was not till 1710 that the *Itinerary of John Leland the Antiquary* was given to the world in print, in nine volumes, under the editorship of Hearne. Stow, the tailor, is best remembered for his careful and valuable *Survey of London* in Elizabethan times, which brought him so little worldly profit that he received letters patent from James I in March 1603/4 as

a very aged and worthy member of our city of London, who has for forty-five years to his great charge and with neglect of his ordinary means of maintenance, for the general good as well of posterity as of the present age, compiled and published divers necessary books and chronicles,

authorising him and his deputies to collect voluntary subscriptions and kind gratuities. Camden, the contemporary of Shakespeare, wrote the most famous and comprehensive topographical work of his age, the *Britannia* or description of the British Isles, which was translated from Latin into English by that remarkable Elizabethan translator-general Philemon Holland ; his house at Chislehurst suggested to a later owner, Chief Justice Pratt, the title of Lord Camden, and became in our own time the residence in exile of the Emperor Napoleon III and the Empress Eugénie. Dugdale, a Warwickshire knight, compiled the *Baronage of England*, the *Monasticon* which traces the history of every English religious house to the Dissolution, and

The Antiquities of Warwickshire, Illustrated from Records, Leiger-Books, Manuscripts, Charters, Evidences, Tombes and Armes. Beautified with maps, prospects, and portraictures,

which furnished the model for many later county histories, and a model which has not often been surpassed. Fuller, author of *The History of the Worthies of England* (arranged by counties) and many other works historical

and religious, was a moderate clergyman, simple, kindly, humorous and cheerful, in an age of violent extremes, bitter fanaticism and civil strife, an opponent of Puritanism but not royalist enough for the royalists at Oxford, probably the finest literary stylist among English antiquaries, and apparently one of the first authors to make an income by their pens. Rymer was not a topographer, but was editor of the invaluable *Foedera* or collection of documents relating to English history, and also a literary critic who thought *Othello* "a bloody farce without salt or savour" and was considered by Alexander Pope "one of the best critics we ever had." Hearne, finally, a non-juror, editor of Leland's *Itinerary* and *Collectanea* and of many important old English chronicles not otherwise printed before the appearance of the Rolls Series, lived most of his life in Edmund Hall, Oxford, and at one time held high offices in the Bodleian Library, but lost them and afterwards refused other high academic posts rather than acknowledge the Hanoverian succession, preferring "a good conscience before all manner of preferment and worldly honour." He left a voluminous diary since published by the Oxford Historical Society, wherein he accuses the Whig bishops of illiteracy, trimming and other defects, their wives of drinking brandy and wearing breeches, and describes Provost Lancaster of Queen's College as Old Smooth Boots, the Northern Bear, and the worst Vice-Chancellor that ever was in Oxford.

Most of our old standard county histories were produced under the first three Georges, in the century between the Treaty of Utrecht and the Congress of Vienna. Social, ecclesiastical and political conditions no doubt contributed much to this result. Ecclesiastical and academic life, while no longer scorched by the fires of genuine religious conflict, were more closely interconnected, more opulent and less laborious than now. The scholar who showed discretion in the choice of his parents, and was not too religious to become a clergyman, could acquire a Fellowship without merit and keep it without labour, accumulate the emoluments of many ecclesiastical benefices, and impartially neglect the duties of them all. He could devote to his physical welfare whatever time and energy he chose to spare from a freely chosen sphere of intellectual work, and look back with contentment from his deathbed upon a life spent with dignity in eating, drinking, hunting, reading and writing, to the glory of God and the advancement of knowledge, free from the miscellaneous labours and responsibilities, the teaching and lecturing and examining, the manipulation of boards, committees and congresses, the scrambling for chairs and scribbling of articles and scratching of backs, whereby the modern scholar is sometimes constrained to keep up his ill-nourished body as an uncomfortable home for whatever remnants of an immortal soul the conditions of his time have allowed him to preserve beyond the age of adolescence. It would be diverging widely from truth to imagine that all the authors of these county histories were clergymen, or that none of those who were clergymen paid much attention to his spiritual duties; but the widespread atmosphere of leisure and irresponsibility in clerical society was certainly

favourable in a hundred direct and indirect ways to such enterprises of pure scholarship without prospect of popular appeal or commercial profit. In other ways also antiquarian research was more effectually sheltered than now from the sternest realities of the struggle for existence. To all the menaces of Robespierre or Buonaparte the English antiquary replied with a contemptuous aloofness which was not granted to William of Hohenzollern, digging himself deeper into his records, redoubling his assiduity in collection and publication; the *Victoria County History* on the other hand was perforce discontinued and the staff disbanded soon after the outbreak of the late European war. Of the three old county histories which are by general consent the best works of their kind, Hutchins's *Dorset*, it is true, was published in the year of peace 1774 (after the author's death in 1773), but Nichols's *Leicestershire*, the most highly valued of all, was produced between 1795 and 1815, Manning and Bray's *Surrey* between 1804 and 1814; and the Revolutionary and Napoleonic years saw also the issue of Hutchinson's *Cumberland*, Williams's *Monmouth*, Polwhele's *Devon*, Stebbing Shaw's *Stafford*, Rudge's *Gloucestershire* and Duncomb's *Hereford*, the reissue of Hasted's *Kent* and Blomefield's *Norfolk*, the preparation of Ormerod's *Cheshire*, the beginning of Surtees's *Durham*. It was indeed during this period of European warfare that English topographical research of the old individualist type reached its culmination, though many skilful and laborious hands had been engaged for a century and more previously in laying the foundations for the superstructure then reared or unveiled.

Let us look for a moment at the life and work of two or three of these eighteenth-century antiquaries; and reserving the most truly eminent figures till the last, let us begin with one who has left no *magnum opus* to posterity, who does not appear by any means so important to us as he appeared to his contemporaries, but who was a very well-known and highly esteemed topographer in his own time, and a typical character of his age. I mean a Norfolk gentleman named Thomas Martin (1697-1771), who made it his most constant ambition in life to be known as Honest Tom Martin of Palgrave, and understood well how this desire could be most comfortably achieved under the conditions of his time. I have heard an eminent public man of our own day described as clever enough to look stupid in order that he might be thought honest, and the description repudiated by one of his admirers on the ground that the appearance was not assumed at all but perfectly natural and genuine. Our ancestors in the eighteenth century and the early nineteenth were accustomed to estimate a man's honesty and godliness by another and a much more sensible criterion, to wit, the vigour of his appetite for breakfast. Experience does indeed teach that the sight of an ample breakfast revolts the stomach of him who has lived disreputably overnight. By breakfasting on beefsteaks and frequently getting drunk on strong beer early in the day Tom Martin gave his contemporaries unmistakable proof of a sober and righteous life, and earned and kept his dearly valued nickname. We are told that for many

years his "hoary hairs were the crown of glory for the anniversary of the Society of Antiquaries, of which he was so long the senior fellow," and that "his thirst after antiquities was as great as his thirst after liquor": in short, he was "a blunt, rough, honest, downright man, of no behaviour or guile." He despised and misused money and reduced himself to such straits that he had to sell many of his books and manuscripts, and other people's too. He apparently thieved the famous *Paston Letters*, so rich in illustration of the social and political history of fifteenth-century Norfolk and England, from the Norfolk county historian Francis Blomefield, who had apparently thieved them from the Earl of Yarmouth, the head of the Paston family.

This Blomefield (1705-1752) was one of the most eminent antiquaries since Barabbas. When issuing his section on Norwich (1745) he announced that he had incorporated in it the information collected by a well-known fellow antiquary recently deceased, John Kirkpatrick. Thereupon Thomas Kirkpatrick, the brother of John, published a protest denying the truth of this claim, and declaring that Blomefield had never been given any opportunity to thief John Kirkpatrick's collections. Blomefield replied offering to show anyone who would call upon him the collections of Kirkpatrick, as well as those of Tanner and of Peter Le Neve, and explaining that Kirkpatrick had taken his notes on loose leaves, which, after transcribing them into his notebooks, he had transferred to Le Neve. We are assured that when the work of Le Neve, Kirkpatrick and Tanner is deducted from the work of Blomefield there is very little left attributable to Blomefield himself, and that Le Neve rather than Blomefield really deserves to be considered the county historian of Norfolk. But the use which Blomefield made of his contemporaries and predecessors has made the fruit of their labours more accessible and useful to later generations. He spent his energy and his money disinterestedly in the cause of antiquarian research, and, although he is accused of believing heralds (one of the gravest charges that can be brought against a historian), his work is generally trustworthy where it records ascertainable fact. He was a boon companion of Honest Tom Martin, and kept a pack of hounds. His pursuit of learning and foxes resulted in the exhaustion of his ample heritage and the discomfiture of his executors, who prudently declined to act, whereupon administration of his estate was granted to his two principal creditors. His antiquarian collections were broken up; part came by obscure ways into the honest hands of Tom Martin, who sold them as he best could; another part passed eventually into the possession of another Martin, one Robert Martin of Bressingham (descended from one of Blomefield's daughters), who "buried a large mass of them in the earth," after which their further history appears to be unknown.

An exact contemporary of Tom Martin was Francis Drake (1696-1771), son of a clergyman, himself by profession a surgeon, whose *Eboracum*, a history of the city, cathedral and archbishops of York, and one of the most

famous of English topographical works, was published in 1736 at a subscription price of five guineas ; his subscribers, nearly 540 in number, included many clergy but not the Archbishop, Dr. Blackburne, who not only refused upon my repeated application to him to accept the dedication of the church account, but even to subscribe to the book.

Another passage is worth quotation from Drake's preface, as bearing upon the perennial wrangle about the relation between history and literature :

If I have also by some lightness, here and there interspersed, deviated from the strict gravity of a historian, I ask pardon of my censurers for it. My intimates all know that *Mercury* was a more predominant planet at my birth than *Saturn*. And I confess I never thought an historian ought to be dull because his subject was so. Many a dull story has been set in an agreeable light, in common conversation, by the manner only, of telling it ; as, on the contrary, many a good one has been spoiled. And, it would be very ill natured in the gravest *Cynic* to quarrel with a companion, in a long tiresome journey, for his being, now and then, a little too ludicrous or merry, in the way. I pretend to be neither a *Livy* nor a *Tacitus* in reciting state affairs ; nor an *Usher* or a *Stillingfleet* in church matters. What I knew I have put down in, what I think, a proper manner ; and if I have larded some lean passages, I hope they will not relish the worse for it, with a *courteous* reader.

In 1768 there was published at London, in two volumes folio, *The History and Antiquities of Essex*, by Philip Morant, M.A. In the next year, whether by pure coincidence or not I do not know, there was published at Chelmsford, in six volumes octavo, another work entitled *A New History of Essex, by a Gentleman*. Morant's work, based chiefly on the collections of his predecessors Thomas Jekyll and William Holman, has nevertheless remained the standard history of Essex. It is comparatively strong, where so many old county histories are weak, in tracing the descent of manors, but not so good in genealogical or ecclesiastical history. Like Blomefield, Hutchins, Manning, Polwhele and so many other local historians, Morant was a clergyman, and among other benefices held partly in succession, partly in plurality, he occupied at different times the rectories of such admirably-named parishes as Shellow Bowells and Chignal Smealey.

But the greatest of eighteenth-century English antiquaries was undoubtedly John Nichols (1745-1826), the historian of Leicestershire, the son of a baker at Islington. He became in 1757 the apprentice, in 1766 the partner, in 1777 the successor in business of William Bowyer junior, the "learned printer" who played a great part in the learned and literary society of his day. He evidently combined antiquarian curiosity and literary industry in an unusual degree with business capacity. He was satirised by Peter Pindar, who insinuated that Nichols was dependent for his learning upon his friends ; but truth to tell, the antiquary has never shared the ideal of the pavement artist, and his best work is often other people's. Nichols's *History and Antiquities of the Town and County of Leicestershire*, in eight folio volumes, the first published in 1795 and the last in 1815, is generally considered the finest of all our old county histories. His *Literary Anecdotes*

of the *Eighteenth Century*, in nine volumes, is an invaluable storehouse of information upon literary and social history ; and he followed it up with six volumes of *Illustrations of the Literary History of the Eighteenth Century*, published between 1817 and 1831, the last two volumes posthumously. He founded a dynasty of printers and antiquaries to which English scholarship is heavily indebted. His eldest son, John Bowyer Nichols (1779-1863), added two further volumes to the *Illustrations of Literary History* ; was proprietor of the *Gentleman's Magazine* from 1833 to 1856 ; superintended the publication of nearly all the important county histories which appeared during the first half of the nineteenth century ; Ormerod's *Cheshire*, Clutterbuck's *Hertfordshire*, Surtees's *Durham*, Hoare's *Wiltshire* and others ; and had fourteen children of whom seven, three sons and four daughters, survived him. John Gough Nichols (1806-1873), eldest son of John Bowyer, edited the *Gentleman's Magazine* from 1828 to 1851 jointly with his father, from 1851 to 1856 alone, and was one of the founders of the Camden Society (1838), whose publications during his lifetime owed much to his editorial or revising hand. Mr. John Bruce Nichols, born 1848, the only son of John Gough, is the present senior partner in the firm, which carries on business as J. B. Nichols and Sons, Parliamentary and General Printers, at Parliament Mansions, Victoria Street, Westminster. Since 1898 he has been associated with his son, Mr. John Cradock Morgan Nichols, as junior partner. Both the present partners are authorities on wild fowl, upon which Mr. J. C. M. Nichols recently published a book (*Birds of Marsh and Mere* : A. M. Philpot Ltd.). From 1729, when the firm was still Bowyer and not yet Nichols, the partners have held in unbroken succession the appointment of Printers of the Votes and Proceedings of the House of Commons. With at least one living member of this great family of scholars most of my readers will be already acquainted : Mr. Robert Nichols, the poet, in full Robert Malise Bowyer Nichols, of Trinity College, Oxford, related to the present partners, I believe, through a common descent from that John Bowyer Nichols who died in 1863. *Who's Who* (since we are on the subject) incidentally states that he is addicted to a number of the most frightful habits, " conversation (especially with scientists), sauntering (especially through crowds), aeronautics, art galleries, dreaming in a boat."

No wonder Cambridge wins the Boat Race.

The work of the old county historians will always take rank collectively among the most noteworthy achievements of English scholarship ; but for many obvious reasons it could not be regarded as final. They did not produce a complete series ; their qualifications, methods and standards show much variety ; the scattering of records and lack of indexes caused them immense difficulties in research and inevitably made their work defective especially in tracing the descent of manors ; the science of historical criticism was very imperfectly developed in their time ; archaeology and other sciences auxiliary to history were hardly yet in existence

at all, and the relation of local to national history was little understood. Since the days of Blomefield and Morant, Hutchins and Nichols, Bray and Ormerod, the conditions of antiquarian research in England have been vastly altered. There is probably less leisure among highly educated and inquisitive men now than formerly ; but there is far more organisation and co-ordination of intellectual labour, for which the credit is due partly to public and partly to private agencies. The scholar's difficulties have been incalculably reduced in particular by the consequences of an Act of Parliament passed in 1838 "for safely keeping the Public Records." Under this Act the Public Record Office was built east of Chancery Lane, and opened in 1857. The national records concentrated since then in this single building had formerly been scattered all over London, especially in the Tower, the Rolls Chapel, the Chapter House and Stone Tower at Westminster, and the record repository at Carlton Ride. This concentration of itself greatly facilitated the work of the local historian ; but an incomparably greater lightening of his task has resulted from the work done by the staff of the Record Office since its establishment. The office is administered, under the Master of the Rolls as *ex officio* Keeper of the Records, by the Deputy Keeper as the active and permanent head. Sir Francis Palgrave, the first Deputy Keeper, and his immediate successors Sir Thomas Hardy and Sir William Hardy, were mainly occupied in the organisation of the office and in supervising the huge preliminary work of sorting ; and it is to the lately retired Deputy Keeper, Sir Henry Maxwell Lyte, that the gratitude of historians is primarily due for the elaborate and invaluable work of arranging, indexing and abstracting the more important classes of records which has already been carried so far in the great series of Public Record Office Calendars, and is being continued under his successor, Mr. A. E. Stamp. The organisation and work of the P.R.O. would alone have been sufficient to make both possible and necessary the project of a new series of county histories taking advantage of the extended facilities for research. But in other ways also the local historian of the present day has opportunities at his disposal beyond the dreams of the old antiquaries. The study of Domesday Book by Round, Maitland and other scholars, however inconclusive in some of its results, has considerably increased our knowledge of Anglo-Saxon and Norman times. The scientific study of archaeology, still in its infancy, has developed marvellously since the beginning of the present century. Another notable recent development is the scientific study of place-names, due largely to the work of Professor Allen Mawer, the founder of the Place-Name Society. The object of the Victoria History is to provide a complete series, including counties hitherto without any great standard history, such as Lincoln and Huntingdon, employing uniform methods and achieving uniform standards, profiting by the concentration of records in the Public Record Office and the preparation of calendars, utilising the great recent and contemporary progress of historical, archaeological, etymological and other studies, and bringing the whole story up to date at least as far as the end of the nineteenth century.

An average county runs to four volumes and an index volume. The general articles are contained in the earlier volumes (normally the first two), the topography or histories of parishes and boroughs in the later volumes. The general articles normally treat the following subjects in the following order, in separate parts, some of which are sold separately :

Part 1. Geology and Palaeontology.	Part 9. Ecclesiastical History.
„ 2. Botany.	„ 10. Religious Houses.
„ 3. Zoology.	„ 11. Political History.
„ 4. Early Man.	„ 12. Social & Economic His-
„ 5. Roman Antiquities.	„ 13. Industries. [tory.
„ 6. Anglo-Saxon Antiquities.	„ 14. Agriculture.
„ 7. Ancient Earthworks.	„ 15. Forestry.
„ 8. Domesday Survey, Text & Index.	„ 16. Sport.
	„ 17. Schools.

For some counties there are also the following extra parts : (18) Maritime History, (19) Architecture, (20) Early Christian Monuments, (21) Military History. In the topographical sections the history of every borough, parish and manor is traced and particulars of every important ecclesiastical and secular building given under the hundred in which it lies, and in some cases the complete topographical collection for a separate hundred can be obtained separately.

Nine counties are already complete or immediately approaching completion, namely Bedford, Berkshire, Buckingham, Hampshire, Hertford, Lancashire (eight volumes), Surrey, Worcester and Yorkshire (general volumes, also the separate series of volumes on the North Riding). The first two volumes have appeared on Northamptonshire, Cumberland, Derby, Durham, Essex, Kent, Norfolk, Nottingham, Somerset, Suffolk, Sussex and Warwick ; the first volume on Cornwall, Devon, Hereford, Leicester, London, Rutland and Stafford ; the second volume, in advance of the first, on Gloucester, Lincoln and Oxford. The price for completed counties and recently published volumes is £3 3s. od. per volume (beautifully bound and printed) cloth, or £4 4s. od. half-leather, but many volumes published before the war are sold for £2 2s. od. or £2 15s. od. ; index volumes £1 1s. od. or £1 10s. od. The prices for separate parts, so far as they are obtainable separately, vary from 2s. 6d. to 15s.

The sections on Early Man, Roman antiquities and Anglo-Saxon antiquities, including already many authoritative articles on Roman Britain by the late Professor Haverfield, tend naturally to become more and more important as time goes on, through the intensive study and rapid progress of archaeology. In the chapters on Ancient Earthworks the *History* is giving the first exhaustive survey of these monuments county by county, in accordance with a scheme drawn up by the Archaeological Congress, a central organisation of local archaeological societies in union with the London Society of Antiquaries. The Domesday sections give a new translation and critical survey of the greatest though not the plainest historical record possessed by any country ; and as the issue and sale of detached parts separately from the volume which they help to make up is in

general being discontinued as unprofitable, I take the opportunity to express the hope that the Domesday parts at any rate will in course of time be collected and offered separately, so that the completion of the *History* will automatically provide scholars with a new complete edition of Domesday as a separate work. The sections on Ecclesiastical History, Political History and Social and Economic History are possibly the most valuable of all to those who find local history interesting especially as the local illustration of national history ; and the sections on Religious Houses give the separate history of each religious house to its dissolution. The character and importance of the other sections is clear enough from their titles. The original founders of the *History*, making their plans in the opulent 1890's, perhaps spread their net wider than they would have done if able to prophesy the events of the early twentieth century ; and while several sections not purely historical in character, such as Geology and Agriculture, are really nevertheless necessary to the completeness of the work as a historical survey, it might be preferable to curtail the treatment of some subjects rather than endanger or unduly delay the completion of the *History* through the additional labour and expense which it involves. It can hardly be doubted, however, that the resources ultimately at the disposal of English learning are sufficient to ensure the full execution of the original plan if only the *History* can be made as well known as it deserves. The publication of separate genealogical volumes, giving fully authenticated genealogies of county families, has already been suspended. Such volumes have been completed only for Northampton and Hertford ; and it must be admitted that however high their interest may be to these families themselves, genealogy has not yet become, perhaps the genealogy of county families is hardly likely to become, an object of such scientific study as might throw light upon those fundamental questions of human biology which have acquired such prominence in our own day.

The backbone of the *Victoria County History*, as of every county history, is formed by the topographical sections. English local historians have often heard of the chauffeur who discovered in the Shropshire parish of Dudleston a point of meeting between the countries of England and Wales, the ecclesiastical provinces of York and Canterbury, the bishoprics of Lichfield, Coventry, Chester and St. Asaph, the counties of Shropshire, Flint and Denbigh, the hundreds of Oswestry, Maylor and Bromfield, the parishes of Ellesmere, Overton and Overstock, and the townships of Dudleston, Erbistock and Knolton : a spot none the less instructive because it has turned out not to exist. With some of these divisions the *History* has no direct concern ; but the history of each hundred or borough within the county (though the hundred has little history of its own), each parish within the hundred, and finally each manor within the parish is traced separately, and historical and architectural details given of every church, manor house and other important building. A parish situated in more than one county is generally treated under the county in which the parish church stands ; the occasional manor which cuts across a parish

boundary under the parish to which most of it belongs. No motive has been stronger with the founders and conductors of the enterprise than the desire to build up, on the scale which the resources at their disposal allow, a complete record of the descent of lands in England down to the end of the nineteenth century. A lack of fullness and accuracy in tracing the descent of manors is a defect which frequently provokes discontent in the work of the old antiquaries, though there is little fault to find on this score with the work of such writers as Morant, Hutchins, Hasted, Nichols, Manning and Bray, and though the more a modern scholar comes to realise the disadvantages under which his predecessors laboured in comparison with himself the more he is amazed at the results achieved even by the less trustworthy among them. The topographical sections of the *Victoria County History* are fully illustrated with maps, plans and photographs, and the plans of churches are made more valuable by the simple and effective device of indicating periods of architecture by means of different hatchings, in the case of cathedrals by different colours.

To attempt any account of the varied and voluminous material which the historian of manors or parishes must consult, sift, digest and co-ordinate would be to embark upon a general description of the public and private records of England. Whoever wishes to appreciate the wealth of material, original and secondary, printed and unprinted, with which contributors to the *Victoria County History* must cope, should consult Mr. Guiseppe's *Guide to the Public Records*, Richard Sims's *Manual for the Genealogist, Topographer, Antiquary, and Legal Professor* (the best general introduction to English historical research), and two admirably compact shilling leaflets by Professor Hamilton Thompson, published by Messrs. G. Bell and Sons for the Historical Association, under the titles *English Parish History and Records* and *A Short Bibliography of Local History*.

Special difficulties have inevitably confronted the editor in securing qualified contributors for the topographical part of the *History*. For the general articles it has usually been possible to obtain the services of leading authorities already well known: thus many of the Roman sections were written, as already mentioned, by the late Professor Haverfield, and Mr. J. H. Round has contributed several Domesday articles. But the volume and variety of material now at the disposal of the topographical historian is so great, the specialists in this branch of work so few and so fully occupied, that for this part of the *History* two special staffs have been trained, one for the architectural work under the direction of Mr. C. R. Peers (now Chief Inspector of Ancient Monuments) and the late Mr. John Quickett, the other for the manorial and borough history under Mr. Page himself. This latter staff was mainly recruited from graduates of the history schools in our universities; and apart from the special insight developed into historical sources and methods, the general value of the experience and skill which they acquire under Mr. Page's direction in handling and sifting voluminous masses of documentary material was amply proved when war brought about the dispersion of the staff and the extensive absorption of

the feminine part of it into our improvised war bureaucracy. This training, and the satisfaction inseparable from useful work well done, are of course the most solid advantages derived from the *History* by its contributors, for their financial remuneration can naturally bear no real proportion to the labour required from them ; and these contributors, past, present and future, deserve no less recognition for their part in making the *History* possible than those who are able to give more easily measurable help. To keep up the supply of such contributors is an object which may well occupy the attention of local archaeological societies and of the schools of local history which already exist in one or two though not in many of our universities, for example in London under the able guidance of Miss E. Jeffries Davis, herself at one time a worker for the *Victoria County History*.

Northumberland is left for the present outside the scope of the *History*, because that county is being treated by a group of local subscribers on a much larger scale. Such a fact provides notable evidence of the abundant private resources at the ultimate disposal of the learned classes in this country for the support of nationally important learned enterprises. Although the number of subscribers to the *History* in the United Kingdom increases as the work becomes better known, and although men and women of English descent overseas, both under the British flag and in the United States of America, are coming to realise that the history of English shires, hundreds, boroughs, parishes and manors is their history as well as ours, it is obvious that an undertaking of this kind cannot rest upon the revenue from sales and subscriptions as its sole financial basis ; and it has in fact been helped largely in the past, and will no doubt be helped in the future, by the liberality and devotion to learning of individual citizens. The public spirit of the late Lord Hambleden, especially, of whose death I deeply regret to receive news while going to press, enabled the work to be carried on, and saved it from annihilation when the war and post-war conditions made its continuance almost impossible. By his generous aid the work has been resuscitated. Nor should the names of Mr. O. E. d'Avigdor Goldsmid, the late Mr. Hugh Spottiswoode, and the late Lord Alverstone be omitted from remembrance for the support they gave in the earlier days of the *History* ; while the opportunities at the disposal of county gentlemen to help forward the work on their own particular counties have been finely seized by Mr. Grenville Proby, who has guaranteed the cost of the history of Huntingdon, and the late Mr. James Manfield, who similarly guaranteed one volume of Northampton. Subscriptions, endowment and guarantees, as well as contributors, must be forthcoming in continuous supply to ensure the completion of the enterprise, and it is clear that a wide field of opportunity here lies open for men and women of property and culture, of English nationality or English descent, to emulate the magnanimity of their contemporaries and predecessors.

THE FOOT OF HERCULES

The Importance of the Signature on English Monuments, with some Few Pleasures of the Chase,

By KATHARINE A. ESDAILE

IN a former article I made some attempt to give a history of the progress and development of English sculpture of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The present paper aims at giving some instances of the sort of work which can be done by the investigator, and of the nature of the interest, human and artistic, which awaits the student of this neglected subject.

The foot of Hercules, where the Hercules of our efforts is the identification of the works of our later sculptors, is the master's style and detail in a monument or portrait which bears his signature or which on documentary or other grounds is known to be by him. And the all-essential requisite is a good eye-memory. As the botanist, from the analysis of the flower before him, can detect the place of that flower in creation, or, if need be, found a new *genus* to meet its unsuspected case, so the student faced with an unknown monument can, if authentic works are known to him, say with the certainty of science, This is the work of So-and-So, or note the appearance of a new master.

Of the great English school of alabaster workers some names are preserved, in MS. agreements as a rule ; but the style of a local school is so uniform, the power of convention so overwhelming, that though the origin of a work may be predicated, the personality of the sculptor is beyond recovery. The case of our later monuments is wholly different. Signatures indeed are rare before the Restoration, though the Stanton family for three generations has a curious passion for signatures ; and even in 1643 Jasper Latham, who subsequently distinguished himself by adding a head of Charles II to the statue of John Sobieski long in the Stocks Market and now at Newby in Yorkshire, signs his monument to Viscount Grandison (d. 1643) in Christ Church, Oxford, with the airs of a Bernini. But, as a rule, works of the Jacobean and Caroline periods are unsigned, and such a chance as has preserved for us the Account Books of Nicholas Stone is rare indeed ; yet both signatures and documents grow commoner, and personalities emerge as time goes on.

Did Stanton *père*, author of the Combe monument at Stratford whose Shakespearean interest draws pilgrims every year, inspire his son to sign those two fine tablets to the wives of Sir Samuel Moreland in Westminster Abbey when so much work of the decade 1660-70 is quite unknown, and why did his grandson follow their example and record the borough—Holborn—of his birth ? Was it to show his learning, to display in exquisite script his Greek and Hebrew texts ? But we may well be grateful :

STANTON FECIT gives us something to go upon when we meet mural monuments of the same character elsewhere, and recall the details of those to set against another work without a signature.

This increasing use of the sculptor's name betokens indeed his rise from craftsman to artist. But it took some time for the habit to establish itself, as the case of Mrs. Mary Beaufoy in the Abbey shows. There the inscription "This Monument was made by Mr. Gibbons" is in no sense a signature, but a historical note inspired, perhaps, by family pride in the great man employed; by its aid we may yet identify other such figures of a kneeling lady framed by pilasters and gazing upwards at the cherubs welcoming her to heaven. One signed bust of his we have, a pretty boy at Conington near Cambridge, and one recumbent effigy at least, that of Dame Juliana Newdigate at Masefield, to complete the trilogy of poses with Mrs. Beaufoy and the standing Viscountess Campden at Exton, which is known to be Gibbons', so that we may with certainty ascribe them all to the thus established chisel of the great Grinling, whose monumental art is still so strangely disregarded.

Or we enter a church—it may be St. Olave's, Hart Street, or it may be that of Groombridge—and note a singular statue in swirling draperies *à la* Bernini. The outstretched hand is clenched on a scroll or baton; the head is sharply turned; the pose spirited; the neck and legs curiously ugly and ungraceful. Londoners of to-day have small chance of identifying the sculptor: before Temple Bar went out to Cheshunt tens of thousands saw his work daily, and must have felt his portrait, when it appeared on the Frieze of Sculptors on the Albert Memorial just as Temple Bar itself, by the irony of fate, vanished to the country, no unnatural thing. For the Kings on Temple Bar, to use their common name—more exactly Queen Elizabeth and the first three rulers of the House of Stuart—were the work of John Bushnell, whose sign-manual they may be termed; and a tragic figure he is. Proud, ambitious—and early success in Venice and Bernini's Rome gave him a right to be both—he came to England after the Restoration to work for Wren and Charles II, Pepys and Evelyn's beloved Lady Mordaunt; * to quarrel often with his patrons; to lose his estate through a flaw in the title-deeds and his coal-ships through sheer bad luck; and to die, poor and mad; only to be buried in a church which has lost the Registers containing the entry of his funeral. From Denbighshire to Mid Lavant his works lurk unsuspected, never mean or trivial, always, as his contemporary rivals said, hurt by some odd flaw in the anatomy; but "the manner of design great and spirituous," as Vertue said after visiting his ruinous house, full of the relics of his forgotten art and guarded by his hermit sons, who said the world was not worthy of their father, dead four-and-twenty years before.

*I must ask the reader to take much of this on trust unless he looks up my monograph on Bushnell which appeared in the Walpole Society's Publications last year; the Groombridge monument is an addition.

The legal monuments of England would of themselves make a curious study. From the great Sir John Cheke, a masterpiece of purely English tradition, at Stamford to the Junior John Bacon's monument to the first Lord Kenyon at Hanmer they are there for the seeking, always in their judicial robes, always, in my experience, admirably significant and life-like. Almost every great sculptor tried his hand at a Lord Chancellor or Lord Chief Justice. We have—at random—Rysbrack's Lord Chancellor King at Ockham; Roubiliac's Spencer Cowper at Hertingfordbury; the elder Bacon's Blackstone at All Souls'; Flaxman's Lord Mansfield in the Abbey, four masterpieces of the eighteenth century. Let us look at an earlier Lord Chancellor, the father of Swift's Don Dismallo, as he lies in full robes at Ravenstone, below a stately tester—for tester it is rather than canopy—borne on black marble bedposts. There are not too many candidates for a monument, English unmistakably, to this Lord Nottingham, dead in 1682; it is not Gibbons' work assuredly, it is not Bushnell's; and Bird was still a child-apprentice far away in Brussels. What then of Cibber—Colley's father—who carved that great relief upon the Monument and those tragic figures of the Bedlam maniacs, once upon the gates in Moorfields, now in the Guildhall Museum and in their present setting and under their heavy coating of paint now more grotesque than tragic? Yes, Cibber is our man, not on the strength of these mere decorative works, but for that noble tomb at Withyham, where the gay Lord Dorset of the Restoration kneels, with face frozen into grief, by the recumbent effigy of his dead son. Works—and no mean works—by Nollekens and Chantrey sink into nothingness beside the image of this sorrow.

There are churches, many churches, both in town and country, where against the background of a curved marble slab a graceful figure leans upon an urn. Piety or Religion, anyhow an allegory? Look a little closer. She is very graceful after all, our allegory, and her urn, with its rams' heads and exquisitely sculptured flowers, is of no common kind. Upon its pedestal is carved in small the pelican and her young: here is the clue to the master's signature, buried now behind a rigid pew. Here for once your reading is of use. You recall Allan Cunningham's story—his source, that sadly unctuous divine the Reverend Robert Cecil, will assuredly have never come your way—of John Bacon, R.A., enquiring what good qualities had belonged to the subject of the monument he was to do, and on being told that he had once given half-a-crown to a pew-opener remarking, "Then we must have recourse to our old friend the pelican." That flower-wreathed urn, that drooping graceful figure—mother, alas, of a dreadful progeny of ill-carved daughters—are Bacon's own, and fifty such exist from Devonshire to Dover.

Now and again comes a surprise: a new planet swims into our ken. There are few churches less known to fame than Hampton Lovett, yet it is the burial place of Sir John Packington, that is of Sir Roger de Coverley himself. There he lies, periwigged and stately, in the marble shrine dear to the 1720's; but on the framing pilasters there is something new,

leaves and dropping flower-racemes. The *Garrya Elliptica*, proclaimed the botanically-minded friend with whom I saw them in October 1925; but I had to wait till January for that obliging shrub to prove the truth of her conjecture. So *J. Rose Londini. fecit*? And did he use the *Garrya* on other monuments? One day, when, where and how the gods shall show, I trust to find another instance of his work;* at present he stands in my mind the Master of Sir Roger, even as *Jacobus Fisher de Camberwell* is the Master of the Fitzwilliams, those strangely wooden effigies of an Earl and Countess dead in 1718 which adorn the Fenland church of Marholme.

About some other names there hangs at least a dim shadow of remembrance, a hint that they were once alive on earth. Joshua Marshall is among them, by dint of his pedestal, designed by Grinling Gibbons, for the most memorable of London statues. As the nursery rhyme has it:

As I was going down Charing Cross,
I saw a black man on a black horse;
They told me it was Charles the First—
O then my heart was ready to burst.

When the statue was dug up from John Rivett's garden, after that astute metal-worker had made a fortune out of selling knives with handles nominally made of its bronze to both parties as mementos of loyalty or triumph as the case might be, it was re-erected upon this new pedestal. Marshall was Master Mason to the Crown; Marshall is in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, but was he more than Mason? Chance supplied the answer to the question. At Maidstone, I saw and noted a great monument representing Sir John Astley (d. 1639) and his Lady in their shrouds, seen through the gaping doors of a vast sepulchre. A year later, at Chipping Campden, I chanced upon the same device in the monument of Edward Noel, Lord Campden; Marshall—inflated with pride by his royal commission perhaps—has signed and dated this work. The man who in 1664 was representing the Campdens in this fantastic guise assuredly wrought the Astley tomb in days when neither custom nor his own position dictated the use of a signature. Marshall emerges, sculptor as well as mason, from the ranks of shadows; but what was his lesser work? No sculptor was ever author of colossal monuments alone: Roubiliac himself descended to the simple tablet. The day I met with Rose's Sir Roger de Coverley supplied the answer, for Hampton Lovett can also show the mural monument of Dr. Henry Hammond, that great divine whose saintliness so won upon his enemies that his very Puritan successor in his canonry at Christ Church resigned after six months, saying that he could not dispossess so good a man. Hammond's monument—he did little more than survive the Restoration—is a fine plain tablet with pillars at the sides and small reclining figures flanking the coat of arms above, below which,

*Yes: since this was written I have seen his splendid Ladbroke monument at Reigate; but the signature is hard to find. Feeling for letters, and then a light rubbing, proved that his Christian name was James.

and above the inscription, is a finely modelled cherub head. The whole is a marvel of modest dignity which, if it were Sir Roger's taste—and it was with him that Hammond, then Bishop-Designate of Worcester was staying when he died—does honour to himself as to its subject. But its chief interest, to us at least, is that it is signed; and the Rector will forgive me that I climbed upon a pew-back to read the signature. *Joshua Marshall Lond. Sculptor Fecit. An. 1661*. Here is what we wanted, a minor work by the man who here shows himself a master of the mural tablet as before we knew him master of the *macabre*; and a knowledge of his work might have bettered many a War Memorial of 1919-1923.

Francis Bird again, the boy-sculptor in whom talent was so strong that he was sent to Brussels at the age of ten to learn his craft, and to whose maturer years we owe the Conversion of St. Paul on the great western pediment of our Cathedral and all the statues on the roof not yet, like his Queen Anne in the Churchyard, replaced by modern copies, is an interesting figure. He executed more monuments in Westminster Abbey than anyone else, as well as dozens up and down the country; can he be to us anything but a remote and unattractive name? Even in Horace Walpole's time he was old-fashioned, out of date, as the art of the fifties is out of date with us; but no trusted colleague of Wren's is wholly negligible, and if Bird did the dire Sir Cloudesley Shovel, he did better things besides. Take the lovely effigy of Dr. Busby, for example, who whipped Sir Roger's grandfather (the *Spectator* dominates the age of Anne as Johnson does his own; there is no getting away from either). All that a five-year-old critic could say against it was that a schoolmaster ought not to leave his books so untidy; but they lie open, after all, upon the base; and the figure is a thing supreme in the dismal art of William's reign as we know it in the Abbey. Its sculptor was but thirty when it was completed. But Bird upon a modest scale is something of a rarity; St. Paul's, that vast fabric upon which he and Wren wrought so long together, must have made the colossal natural to the sculptor. Yet in the Crypt of that Cathedral stands one symbol and memorial of their friendship: Bird's tablet to Wren's well-loved daughter Jane as St. Cecilia. With all the decorative talent of the country at command, Wren turned to Bird, his colleague, scarcely six-and-thirty even then, to commemorate the form and features of his lost daughter. Bird must have known her; that is why Wren chose him. Poor Bird broke his leg on an ice slide one wintry Christmas night of 1729, and after two years' lameness died, a broken man, at the age of sixty-four, happy in the admiration of his age, before the change of taste in the next generation had cast a shade over the "many great and famous works" which his contemporary Vertue noted with respect.

Now for another church—one of those City churches on which vandalism itself has not hinted at the laying of a finger. No lack of human interest in that unattractive monument in St. Mary-le-Bow if we once know its story. A drooping figure of Faith—I have contemporary evidence for her extremely unsuggestive name—leans on a sarcophagus of antique fluted

form on which in low relief is sculptured another figure, also Faith, mourning over the breast of a deceased Bishop as tall as herself. Bishop of Bristol and Dean of St. Paul's in the fearless old fashion, Tom Newton of the Prophecies is assuredly immortal, though his immortality is not of the kind he would have chosen. Dr. Johnson's voice rolls out sonorous across the centuries: "Yes, Sir, it is Tom's great work, but how far it is great, or how much of it is Tom's, are other questions." Not only is this the one bust of Bishop Newton in existence, but it is a woeful proof of the vanity of human wishes. Mrs. Newton intended a colossal work; but Thomas Banks, R.A., was not a man of business, and did not get the contract down in black and white. With a prescience rare in an artist he had married an heiress—I found their Marriage Allegation by chance at Doctors' Commons—so that from a worldly point of view it did not matter; but the widow's grief abated; the monument grew steadily less expensive under her directions; and, when it was finally put up, it reflected little honour either on her love or Banks's chisel. Had he followed his fellow R.A.'s cynical advice to "catch 'em while the tear's in the eye," the result had done more credit both to Mrs. Newton and to Banks; but that sculptor had not a particle of that worldly wisdom which belonged to Joseph Nollekens, and which made that shrewd R.A.'s name respected upon 'Change quite early in his miserly career.

Nor is it ever safe to omit a visit, if visit can be compassed, to busts in private hands. When I went to a studio in South Kensington to see a collection of works by that evangelical lay founder of the Church Missionary Society and very great sculptor, John Bacon, R.A., I was shown as his a life-sized model of the bust of a Lord Mayor so glorious in handling, so alive and so dignified that I exclaimed it was worthy of Roubiliac. Two years later my schoolboy son, returning from an expedition to the City churches, proclaimed that I must forthwith go again to St. Margaret Lothbury, and see a magnificent bust of John Boydell; I did so—and recognised with amazement my friend of South Kensington. The bust, as my boy had told me, was signed *Banks del. Smith sc.*, and I learnt that it had been recently moved from its tablet, skied in a dark corner, to pair with another bust by Nollekens, also brought more clearly into view—an admirable act, since both busts and tablets had been moved from St. Olave Jewry on its demolition, and so had no sanctity of place to recommend their former sites. But the signatures! Banks had done the model—and Boydell, that great and disinterested patron of the arts who had commissioned Banks himself to execute that relief of Shakespeare between Comedy and Tragedy which we all know in the Shakespeare Garden at Stratford, deserved more than a model at his hands. But it is perhaps fortunate that he did no more—he who meditated on Plutarch's heroes when modelling Warren Hastings and Horne Tooke in classic draperies—but gave the model to be cut in marble by his friend Smith, trained in a better school than his own Neo-Hellenism could provide. For Smith is Nathaniel or Nat Smith, the Good Apprentice, whose time with

Roubiliac was cut short by that sculptor's early death, and whose love for him is attested not only by the memories which his son treasured and recorded, but by that death-mask of Sir Isaac Newton now in the Library of Trinity* which bears an inscription stating that Roubiliac gave it him, in memory, doubtless, of the boy's earliest days in his studio, when the great statue of Newton occupied them both. Hence that touch of Roubiliac which I felt in the Boydell model before I knew its author ; for Smith never lost his first loved master's teaching, and this great and glorious bust, like Smith's forgotten monument to Sir Merrick Burrell at West Grinstead, is worthy of Roubiliac himself.

One day I shall write a monograph on the monuments of the Johnsonian Circle, to supplement the work of Birkbeck Hill. Almost the only flaw in his Boswell or his *Letters* is his ignorance of Wilton, who told Mrs. Thrale that there was "room for three hundred and fifty letters, which are equivalent to twelve lines," on her mother's monument.† There is no note on Wilton, no Christian name to the bare surname in the Index, no hint that he was connected with the pretty Miss Wilton whose forthcoming marriage to Sir Robert Chambers Johnson himself announced. Yet Joseph Wilton, Esq., R.A., was no small personage in his own day, whether socially or artistically, though his very plain tablet to old Mrs. Salusbury at Streatham gives no such idea of his powers as his larger works in the Abbey—the monument to Lord and Lady Mountrath especially, even in its present mutilated state—convey ; the Wolfe Monument, a far more famous work, strikes me as far less successful.

But to our muttons. There is the monument for which Johnson himself wrote an epitaph : with that work I am dealing in my book on its sculptor Roubiliac, whom Reynolds brought to Gough Square to ask for the inscription. There is Nollekens' monument to Goldsmith, with its thrice-famous epitaph by the same hand ; there is that curious Gothic tablet to Edmund Gibbon, outside the family vault of his friend Lord Sheffield ; there is Flaxman's for once beautiful and appropriate monument to Joseph Warton at Winchester ; there is Reynolds as the same sculptor saw him at St. Paul's, near Bacon's colossal statue of Johnson himself, in which Reynold's insistence on the toga over-ruled John Bacon's better sense. Burke at Beaconsfield has a modest modern tablet, but there are the Thrale family at Streatham and the Salusburys at Offley ; and Fox's vast monument by Westmacott in Westminster Abbey with its lamenting negro ; and only within the last few weeks I have unearthed Baretti's modest tablet with a three-quarter portrait of that unattractive personage by Thomas Banks, R.A. And how omit that ghastly monument to Garrick, cursed by Elia and all other judges of what is fit and proper, put up by a devoted friend and furnished with an epitaph—quoted by Elia without its author's name—by the Reverend Mr. Pratt of the British Museum ?

* It is reproduced in my little book on Roubiliac's Work at Trinity. pl. xx.

† *Letters*, I, p. 32.

Its sculptor, Henry Webber, is one of the non-illustrious Obscure, though there is a pretty relief by him in the Soane Museum. I should like to know what Mrs. Garrick had to say of it when she visited the Abbey and saw her David attitudinizing—not, alas, as Reynolds saw him—between Tragedy and Comedy. Neither, for the sake of his wife, that “girl of sixteen, exquisitely beautiful whom his lawyer’s tongue”—I quote from Johnson’s letter—enticed to the far East, let us forget Sir Robert Chambers, that Indian Judge whose monument, by Nollekens again, is found in the Temple Church. And if we think of Joseph Wilton’s son-in-law, we can scarcely forget that glorious bust of Wilton himself, executed by his friend Roubiliac, which that same lovely daughter gave to the Royal Academy of which he was so long Keeper, and which, after it had been lost for upwards of a century, I had the honour recently to publish.*

And if the monuments, why not the portrait busts of that great circle? We should begin, of course, with that of Johnson himself by his friend “Little Joey,” who by the Doctor’s account “could chop out a head with any man”, and of whose wife he said, “I think I should have had her, if little Joey had not stepped in.” Then there is that other bust at Pembroke, by Bacon this time, which, truth to say, is worthy neither of the sculptor, the subject nor the College; and the bust of Burke in the Medal Room of the British Museum, by the Irish Hickey; and that of Reynolds at the Royal Academy by Ceracchi, that Wild Man who, after hounding others to the guillotine, perished by it himself; and the dashing types of Charles James Fox at Holland House, the one as a gentleman of the time in powder and cravat—its terracotta model, finer still than the marble you may see in our National Portrait Gallery—the other with *tête à la Brutus*, later of course, and vocal of Fox in Opposition; and that supreme portrait of an earlier date, Roubiliac’s Garrick in the Portrait Gallery, with its alert high-bred countenance, that study of a Huguenot by a fellow-Huguenot which alone would save its sculptor’s name from oblivion. And if to the monograph I add a description of the monument of the poets commemorated in Johnson’s *Lives*, we might have a pretty study *in petto* of the progress of our English sculpture from Dryden to Gray by way of prologue to the study of the later busts and monuments of Johnson and his friends.

Let us end upon a note of high romance, though the hero of that romance is plain Charles Harris. He will not be found in any Dictionary of Artists; he is to me the type of the Absolutely Obscure. So, it is true, are J. Rose and Jacobus Fisher de Camberwell, but their works are less exciting; Charles Harris is in another world of art. His name is writ large on a colossal monument to the third Duke of Ancaster (d. 1763) in Edenham Church, Lincolnshire, whose splendid sculptural treasures would fill a volume of themselves. Such a commission no young sculptor gets without some previous record to distinguish him; yet on Charles Harris the books are wholly silent. For the work is not only good but interesting, without a parallel at its own time or afterwards. The Duke, a

splendid thoughtful figure, is seated facing the spectator in full robes, a masterpiece of quiet dignity. By him stands his young son, in classic draperies wrapped loosely round him. That is all. Carving and composition alike are exquisite ; but why this difference of dress ? Was that son, who died before his father, thought of as waiting in Heaven having put on the robes of immortality ? And was the father, meeting him, robed as in the world that the son might know and greet him ? Where and how was this Charles Harris trained, that he thus beheld the image of the dead son leaning towards the form he loved on earth ?

Once and once only have I seen great work of his, when least I looked for it, in the church at Stourhead where many Hoares lie buried. How came they, when old Henry Hoare, patron of the sculptors of an earlier age, was in 1785 gathered to his fathers, to find Charles Harris out ? And what had he done in the meantime ? There is his second tomb, two glorious cherub forms far above life-size—if the phrase be not an awkward one applied to heavenly beings—set above a noble mural monument, the one kneeling, the better to wreath Hoare's urn with flowers, the other seated holding a torch reversed, that ancient symbol of mortality, and a scroll with couplet epitaph upon the dead. *C: Harris Sculpsit 1787* : who, again, was he, and why has the man capable of such work passed out of memory ?

Now—and lastly—for the purpose of these notes. Our later sculpture, since the days of the Gothic Period, has had short shrift from the writers of Guide Books and County Histories ; the cares of the Ancient Monuments Commission do not go beyond 1714 ; the writers of our sculptors' lives depend upon Walpole and Dallaway, whose inadequacy, and sometimes inaccuracy, is merely reproduced. There is nothing for it but personal examination of the monuments themselves ; and for such examination the study of signed or documented works is the first condition. Signature-hunting therefore is at once a recreation and a pursuit of scientific value ; it is the foot from which alone our Hercules can be created. And the creation is well worth the labour. The trend of taste for the past century has wiped out the whole period of our sepulchral art between 1660 and 1890 from our memory, that very period when the arts of painting and of literature were coming to mean more and more to us ; yet the sepulchral art of Athens is now the handmaid of our study of things Hellenic, and mediaeval monuments have been thought not unimportant as throwing light upon their age. The time has come for a revision of our views, for frank recognition of the fact that the monumental art of the ages of Pepys and Pope and Johnson is not more likely to be wholly despicable than their painting and their literature. But that art cannot be known unless we know by signatures or documents the style of every master, and are ready to approach their works without the prejudice engendered by four generations nurtured in the belief that Gothic art alone is memorable.

REALISM IN OPERA

By PHILIP PAGE

THE economic side of grand opera is so largely to the fore, and so much public discussion is devoted to such important questions as whether it can be made to pay its way in this country, whether or no it should be subsidised and, even, whether it is wanted here at all (and many of the more austere music lovers declare that it is not) that one aspect of this rather bruised art form is apt to be overlooked. Opera is the established butt of the funny men. More heavy sarcasm is poured out over opera in one season than painting and literature receive in half a century. Literary parody is comparatively rare and usually good-natured. The Royal Academy is paid somewhat laboured attention each spring in the comic illustrated papers. But grand opera is never given a rest. When it appears at Covent Garden for a few weeks each year, the professional wits burnish their weapons and do an immense amount of harm, not frequently from pure malice, but from some notion that it is their duty to explore not the beauty that exists somewhere in even the least worthy example but the scope for humour. A large portion of the audience who have paid for their seats sit with an expectant semi-grin, half in the hope that something untoward will happen and half with the unshakable conviction that the whole thing is rather amusing anyhow, and not at all bad fun even if all goes well. The more spectacular the opera the more pleasurable is the anticipation of minor catastrophes. The soldiers in the first act of *Carmen* are not in step. Whether he is in the stalls or the gallery, the man with war-time memories of the barrack square feels rather pleased with himself. One of them drops a lance or stumbles over a sword and the joke becomes a really good one. Radames, conveyed on the backs of four slaves in the triumph scene of *Aïda*, is wobbling dangerously. Will he fall and pull the rest of the opera down with him in a crash of laughter? It has never happened yet, but we must hope that it will one day, and that we shall be there to see it.

Revue and the music-halls are long-established institutions. For some inscrutable reason to burlesque grand opera has for generations been what Americans call a "sure fire." More subtle humourists will, of course, at once counter this with the suggestion that it is quite funny enough as it is. Nevertheless, the habit remains and the comedienne is the chief offender. It is considered in the revue world irresistible for a woman to don a comic wig, pad herself in those portions where the prima donna is traditionally supposed not to need it, and to sing *Il Bacio* deliberately out of tune, cracking on the high note. The comedian, however, does his bit, playing faithfully to the rules that German singing and exhortation are much the same thing and that the Italians are a distinctly comic nation.

It is impossible altogether to blame those responsible for these exuberances. Although the ancient impression, which is still widely prevalent,

that operatic singers are all of them fat and cannot act is quite erroneous, it is true that some of them come under this heading. They are, however, in the minority, and if in Wagnerian opera slim heroines are rare (there are physical explanations of this in the strenuousness of the music they have to sing) and if an Isolde of romantic appearance, who looks as if she could inspire Tristan with love, with or without the magic potion, is seen not much more often than a butterfly on Christmas Day, there are more handsome or, at any rate, outwardly passable men and women professionally engaged in grand opera to-day than those whose appearance can be relied upon to raise a laugh on or off the stage. And this number is growing. The plump and protuberant diva (putting aside for one moment the Wagnerian heavy brigade) seems to have gone as completely out of fashion as the trills and roulades of Donizetti and Bellini. The modern romantic school of opera emphatically demands that the eye too must be pleased and it gets what it wants nine times out of ten. Mimi, Mélisande, and Louise are usually fairly near what we imagine them to be, and La Tosca is often played by a singer of the Jeritza standard of beauty or appreciably near it. M. Chaliapine is, perhaps, in a class by himself as an actor, a man of imposing mien, and an impressive personality generally. But there are many tenors and baritones who are slim and who would be able to make their living as tolerable or even good actors were their voices permanently to fail them. Here, then, there is cause for optimism, though that the habit of poking fun at singers in costume will ever die is unlikely.

It is just because those singers are in costume, because it is contrary to accepted notions of theatrical illusion for anybody dressed up for a part to walk across a stage and sing lines instead of saying them, that the scoffers have flourished so long. The waist measurement of some of the artists is not wholly to blame. "I can't go to opera. It is all so d——d silly" is a remark one hears so frequently made by those who, without being particularly musical, are quite willing to patronise any sort of entertainment short of oratorio. "I could like opera so much more if I didn't have to look at the singers and realise the absurdity of it all" comes from the keen music-lovers by the thousand. There are many who flock on Monday nights to the Promenade Concerts at the Queen's Hall to hear the all-Wagner programme who could not on any account be induced to hear that same music at Covent Garden, lest the singers should lack romance and their susceptibilities be jarred by an inadequate representation of the Valkyries' Ride. "I want to hear the music and imagine the rest" is a point of view put forward by vast numbers of highly intelligent people, and it is impossible not to respect it. It is said that there are even those who attend Covent Garden without allowing their eyes to be offended, or to risk being offended. They keep their ears open and their eyes shut, plunging their faces into their hands the moment the curtain is about to rise. It must be difficult and uncomfortable.

But is it necessary? Is the singing of dramatic words in costume in front of scenery—that is to say, grand opera—really so utterly absurd?

To the ultra bred-in-the-home realist it is absurd. Without much perspicacity and no originality, he will trot out the argument that in real life people do not sing to each other, therefore it is ridiculous that they should do so on the stage. True. Nor in real life do people say precisely the same set of words and phrases every night for weeks or months, and say them in a room with only three walls, and with a scene at the back of them that is neither the Mediterranean nor the Forest of Arden, but some canvas with paint on it. So all theatres are ridiculous. Away with them ! In real life no one talks in sections of fourteen lines, carefully arranged and elaborately rhymed. Away with sonnets and with all poets too ! Sam Weller was not a real person. Away with Dickens and all novelists !

If the results of creative imagination in any form of art are to be allowed to remain—and the ultra-realist, if he is consistent, cannot let himself tolerate any of them—it must be as the result of certain definite concessions. We cannot be wholly logical without depriving ourselves of almost every form of artistic production, certainly of everything that takes place within the walls of a theatre. It becomes, therefore, entirely a matter of how much concession shall be given. The sole difference between grand opera and a play in which no music is heard is that the former demands considerably more. And the more one approaches everyday life, and the more commonplace the phrase used, the more rope we require and the more serious the call on our store of make-belief. People can sing phrases of love to each other, provided they sing fairly well, without the position seeming incongruous, particularly if one be dressed as Romeo and the other as Juliet. But if both are dressed in the costume of to-day, and Edwin says " Have a cigarette ? " and Angelina replies, " Thanks, old dear. I hope it's a gasper," the position is a good deal more difficult. That is why Charpentier achieved so much more than he is given the credit for in writing in *Louise* scene after scene of modern talk without letting his audience feel that they are listening to anything preposterous, or that for the mother to ask her daughter to help wash up the supper things in a delicately scored musical phrase is, under grim realistic analysis, utterly absurd. The truth is—and here we are approaching the crux of the matter—an operatic composer succeeds just so far as he can manage to check in his audience that realistic analysis. It is a monster that he must soothe. He must use not only the poppy and mandragora of attractive music but dramatic ingenuity as well. The greatest test is his ability to keep the audience hypnotised when they are listening to their native language. Not a quarter of the English people who hear opera sung in a foreign language understand more than an occasional word, though they may catch the general drift. If they do, the mere fact that the language is alien to them lessens the possibility of seeing absurdity in the more homely passages. It is the familiar in unfamiliar circumstances that is at the root of incongruity. We do not find it so hard not to smile when an order to shut the door is sung in Italian.

Opera thus being essentially an unrealistic thing, in which we have so much

to swallow, it might appear that realism is the last thing that need be aimed at in its presentation. This is a fallacy. It is one to which many people cling and it has done infinite harm to opera in the past because some authorities have been so loth to let it go. It is the line of least resistance, the easy way out. Its upholders argue superficially that because opera is a rather silly business in any event and in whatever way it is handled, it does not matter much *how* you handle it.

Broadly speaking, two methods have been, and in some degree, are still being, adopted. Both are wrong. The first consists in an attempt at symbolical scenery, which, in the case in mind, was dictated partly by the necessity for strict economy, and in this respect was excusable though not laudable. We were given, a few years ago, some Wagnerian productions in English with the aid of black curtains and awkward flat slabs of "rock" which had the advantage of being easily put into a scenery truck after *Tristan* on Saturday night at Leeds, to reappear as a portion of *Rheingold* at Glasgow on Monday. The slabs of rock possessed no illusion about them of any kind, nor, to be fair, was it intended that they should. Many people found them irritating, for they resembled nothing at all except, possibly, Euclidean figures. But the black curtains were a grave mistake. They were extremely bad for sound (and no scenery of any category must ever be allowed to interfere with the primary reason for opera's existence—the hearing of it) and they always gave a sense of confinement, an irritatingly indoor feeling, where, in Wagner, there should be a sense of the "wide open spaces where men are men," or, at any rate, where gods are gods and dwarfs dwarfs. Quite a reasonable amount of grand opera takes place in the open air and some of it in the day-time. With those cubes and curtains it was always an interior and always night.

The other method, which is more generally pursued, is to aim at realism in a half-hearted sort of way and to trust to luck as to whether it comes off. This is extremely popular in France and Italy and is not unknown in this country. It is the better method of the two. It is wrong by reason of its lack of thoroughness and because those who pursue it do not seem to be aware that to make one mistake in the would-be realistic method will endanger the whole production. An error in the symbolic method usually passes unnoticed, since few if any of the spectators have the remotest notion of what the producer is driving at or what the scenic-artist means. But if grand opera is to be more generally accepted, if, indeed, it is to be accepted more heartily by those who do support it, the hope lies in realism and not in symbolism. It is not the paradox it may seem to plead that, since grand opera is in itself divorced from realism by the very nature of its highly fantastic combination of different forms of aesthetic expression, scenic realism must be adopted to the fullest extent in order to balance inevitable deficiencies, and to help out the listener's sense of illusion on which such heavy demands have constantly to be made. This road is not an easy one, nor can it ever be cheap. But it is the only one to be taken. Any other leads to the ridicule of the cynics and to the relegation of the

whole structure, musical, dramatic and spectacular, to, at least, good-humoured contempt and comparisons with the village pageant or the touring circus.

To come to particular instances, Covent Garden, whose scenic efforts are not to be despised, and do not deserve the avalanche of adverse criticism which rushes down to crush them year by year, does much, but might, and should, do so very much more. Not all of this additional care would run into a heavy bill, though some would be expensive. In the season that has just drawn to a close the Wagnerian productions come in for first consideration. This is because they are universally the most important and because it is from the Wagnerites that opera receives its most solid support. Also, these operas are by far the most difficult to stage and in every respect worthy of any care that may be lavished on them.

The production of Wagner at Covent Garden proceeds fairly closely on lines laid down, many years ago, at Bayreuth. The scenery is, on the whole, good. But it is so familiar that it has become shabby and certain appurtenances are obviously wearing out. This was proved at a distressing moment in *Siegfried*, when Herr Laubenthal in the forging song tugged away so hard at the bellows that they collapsed and nearly fell on to him. This was not really a negligible episode. One's relief at Siegfried's escape was so great that it abode for the remainder of the evening, and it was difficult not to think of those bellows whenever he made any subsequent appearance. But it is not in separate details so much as in the broad conception of Wagnerian *mise-en-scène* that there is room for improvement in what we must accept as our national opera house. We can hardly hope yet for a complete restaging of *The Ring*. Yet one day, perhaps, Covent Garden may realise, as many German theatres have realised, that it is possible to achieve "an imaginative interpretation of Wagner's ideas arrived at through a unified conception of the stage pictures in scenery, costumes and lighting." At present there is far too much tendency, in addition to positive faults, to adopt the negative policy of just omitting altogether any piece of staging which threatens to be too difficult. This is a safe policy, for, as we have seen, a bungled effort may go far towards wrecking a whole opera. Nevertheless, it is a cowardly one.

The gauze curtain and the "black-out" are used far too often to tide over awkward changes of scene. Granted that many of Wagner's stage directions are monstrously difficult or quite impossible to carry out to the letter, something, however, can usually be done with them provided a little ingenuity is exercised. Is it really argued in Bow Street that the dropping of a curtain is all that can be done to represent the following instructions?

The rocks disappear in thickest darkness; the whole stage from top to bottom is enveloped in black rolling water, which for some time seems to be sinking ever downwards. Gradually the waves give place to clouds, which clear away, and, dispersing in fine mist, disclose an open space on the mountain top.

Certainly not an easy task. But not a sufficient obstacle to a twentieth-century producer with courage and enthusiasm.

The closing scene in *Götterdämmerung* is, frankly, baffling, and here, it is true, the curtain is not made to descend, nor is the hurdle dodged altogether. Whether nothing more adequate can be contrived than the letting down of a few rafters of the ceiling, a queer kaleidoscopic effect on the back cloth, and the carrying of, apparently, a bicycle lamp by the Rhine Maidens to represent the gold, it is hard to believe; particularly since the collapse of the temple in the last act of *Samson and Delilah* is a clever piece of realism. It is a pity that an inferior opera should have been so much better treated in this respect than a mighty masterpiece of music. The Fire Music in *Die Walküre* is a constant disappointment. To be told by enthusiasts to whom one points out the deficiency on the way home that one should close one's eyes and be content to listen to the music is unsatisfactory. It is a poor sort of consolation if the visual side of opera is to be disregarded, and it is tantalising when a poor display is made at the very moments when display is essential. Brunnhilde, surrounded by a ring of flames which leap out at a wave from Wotan's spear, is a fine dramatic conception. That the music at this point is consummately lovely is a reason for additional care on the part of the producer to furnish an adequate spectacle, not an excuse for him to slur it over and to give the audience merely a dull red glow from the footlights and something in the near distance not at all like flames. The Paris Opera House is far from faultless scenically (and vocally not to be compared with ours) but when Wagner asks for flames it gives him flames, not feeble glows and flickers. And in no opera house, surely, do so many things happen just round the corner as they do at Covent Garden. Mime dies off stage, Siegfried's pyre is off stage, the dragon is off stage, and all that is seen of him is a pair of green electric light bulbs, suspended in mid-air, suggestive of ectoplasm or a spiritualistic *séance*, but not of the "Wurm" or of any intention of Wagner. Siegfried's bird is omitted entirely and so are Fricka's rams. If Wotan's ravens did appear they must have flown too swiftly for mortal eye to see.

The ride of the Valkyries is not attempted at all. This, until the cinema can be effectively called in to help or a genius-magician employed, is a wise move. The silly little doll horses slung on strings with clockwork legs going at an uncanny mechanical canter do not seem to provoke much hilarity on the Continent, where they are rather popular. But they would be too much for London, where, as has been pointed out, we rather pride ourselves on the amount of amusement that can be extracted from a night at the opera. But the problem is to be shelved only temporarily. It is inconceivable that, with scientific and engineering resources increased fourfold in comparison with what they were in Wagner's day (and Wagner was an infinitely more practical man of the theatre than is generally imagined and never put down wildly impossible stage directions just because the picture existed in his imagination) everything, that is

asked to be staged in *The Ring* and elsewhere will not one day be staged to perfection. With the cinema at hand, ready to be taken into partnership with grand opera as a means of achieving realistic grandeur to an unlimited extent, that day should not be far distant.

Meanwhile it should be seen that everything possible is done and no details omitted. These details are not so trivial as they seem. The mentality that demands even petty instances of realism in operatic production is not necessarily that of Mr. Vincent Crummies, nor is it to be despised if it is. Wagner and Crummies, in fact, would probably have got on together rather well. If the attic in *La Bohème* in which Rodolfo and his friends are starving has obviously to be rather larger than a ducal drawing-room, the street scene in the next act can look like a street, the café should have real bottles, and the members of that supper party might eat something, be it only sponge-cakes or bananas, instead of picking at empty plates. Operatic snow should look tolerably like snow, instead of resembling post-cards, torn in half, fluttering slowly down from the flies. The warships in the harbour overlooked by Madame Butterfly's garden should light up at night—it all helps—and the fireworks in the carnival scene of *Louise* could easily be made to look like rockets, and there should be more of them. The fact must not be disregarded that, in addition to other difficulties and the constant instructions to spend as little money as possible, a different opera is staged every night, and that what could be easy in a play assured of even a moderate run becomes in the circumstances a formidable task. It is not an insuperable one. Except for the large Wagnerian scenic puzzles, it can be overcome by constant attention to comparatively small matters. The cumulative effect of such care will be surprising. It will cleanse opera of much that is sometimes rightly considered absurd. It will assist enormously those who are cultivating their sense of illusion in the most sincere and praiseworthy fashion, but who are only too frequently let down by the very people they often have to defend. That music—perfect orchestral playing and perfect singing—is the paramount factor in grand opera is axiomatic. But it does not stand alone; if it did we should not clamour for permanent opera, or sympathise with Sir Thomas Beecham, or wonder what syndicate will do what operas at Covent Garden next year, or give any thought to whether opera lived or died. We should listen to concert performances of it, which would almost certainly pay their way, and leave it at that. But realism and spectacle (in such works as demand spectacle) are an essential part of opera, and their place, if secondary, is certainly important. There is a growing taste for music allied to spectacle. Within the last few weeks *Hiawatha* has not only been heard at the Albert Hall, where it has been heard these many years past. It has been *seen* there, with scenery, war paint, Red Indians' feathers, and a real red-skin chief. Other cantatas and choral works which lend themselves to pageant treatment will almost certainly receive it in the near future. Broadcasting and gramophones have introduced a wide field of serious music to millions who otherwise could never have heard a bar of it; the

cinema has inculcated a new love of spectacle and, above all, of *realistic* spectacle. This is grand opera's fresh chance and it may mean the removal of all difficulties if it is properly taken. The future of opera lies not in agitation from without but in improvements from within, a careful eye being kept by those responsible for producing it on every fresh means of making an appeal to the eye as well as to the ear. And it is realism that the eye demands. It is only the achievement of this dove-tailed combination that will defeat the funny folk and, what is more important, not only encourage the continued approbation of opera's old friends and supporters, but find for it a new public of immense possibilities.



SCISSOR-CUT

by

L. HUMMEL



MOSQUE NEAR ALEPPO, SYRIA
Woodcut by FRANK W. PEERS

CORRESPONDENCE

THE FIRST EDITION CLUB

(*To the Editor of THE LONDON MERCURY*)

SIR,—May I be allowed to draw the attention of your readers to an event of high importance to all book-collectors and bibliophiles, an event, moreover, which will very probably do much to check the constant exodus from this country of literary and bibliographical treasures? I refer to the inauguration, by H.M. King Manuel of Portugal (himself the owner of a world-famous library), of the new headquarters recently acquired by the First Edition Club.

It is generally conceded, among book-collectors and booksellers, that the principal reason for the dispersal of so many fine libraries in the past, and the formation of so very few new ones in the present, is the isolated position of the average book-collector. A central meeting-point (such as is provided in New York by the justly-famed Grolier Club, in Boston by the Club of Odd Volumes, and in other American cities by similar bodies) has always been lacking in England. During more than a century that has passed since the foundation of the Roxburgh Club (probably the first of its kind) no bibliographical body in Great Britain has striven to maintain a Clubhouse wherein bibliophiles could meet others of similar tastes, exhibit their collections, and exchange or gain knowledge.

This deficiency has now been remedied. Since its inception in 1922 the First Edition Club has endeavoured to bring together into effective union the many scattered English book-collectors. During the six years of its young life the Club has held eight exhibitions (outrunning even American achievements), issued thirteen publications (in fulfilment of its object "to improve book-production by example"), and it has now been enabled, by funds obtained from its own membership, to complete the task which from the first it set itself, of maintaining a permanent and worthy Clubhouse. A long lease has been purchased of No. 17, Bedford Square, an excellent example (c. 1790) of the work of the brothers Adam, which contains a fine exhibition room (designed by Mr. Ambrose Heal), library, dining-room, tea-lounge and paved garden.

The Committee desires to make the Club known to book-collectors who are not yet members. There are doubtless, Sir, many such among your readers, who will wish to be associated with a project so beneficial to themselves. If those who are interested will communicate with the Club's secretary and founder, Mr. A. J. A. Symons, at 17, Bedford Square, they will receive a brochure setting forth the Club's history and achievements and a copy of the revised rules. The subscription rates are: Town members, five guineas per annum; Country members, three guineas per annum; and the first 600 members will pay no entrance fee.

Yours, etc.,

GEORGE C. WILLIAMSON,

Chairman of the Committee.

THE LOYAL WENTWORTHS

(*To the Editor of THE LONDON MERCURY*)

SIR,—Reviewers are so accustomed to telling authors how to write their books, that I suppose we have no grievance when authors send in letters to the Editor explaining how we should have written our reviews. There is, however, a certain monotony in their suggestions; for what they invariably urge is that we should have given them more space. Thus, it "occurs" to Mr. Allan Fea that the readers of the LONDON MERCURY would have been interested if, in reviewing his book, *The Loyal Wentworths*, I had quoted his reference to *The Loyal London Mercury* of 1682. The names are admittedly similar; but I doubt whether that would have been sufficient to give your readers a thrill. And anyhow I simply had not room.

In suggesting that Mr. Fea might have included in his book a description of the scene at Monmouth's execution, when Dr. Tenison refused to take charge of a keepsake for the condemned man's mistress, I no doubt made an impracticable suggestion. But I did add that probably Mr. Fea was pressed for space. He now draws my attention to a very brief reference on page 165, and adds that he has already described the incident fully in an earlier work. I am sorry I missed the reference ; but it still " occurs " to me as a little unfortunate that he could not have told the story again.

Yours, etc.,

CLENNELL WILKINSON.

SHORTFALL

(To the Editor of THE LONDON MERCURY)

SIR,—Probably many of your readers have written to point out that this word is neither American nor an invention of Mr. Churchill. It appears in the *Oxford Dictionary* with two references : one from the *Johannesburg Standard* of 23 Nov., 1895, and the second from *Macmillan's Magazine* of August, 1906.

Yours, etc.

J. P. GABBATT.

THE SEVENTEENTH EARL OF OXFORD

(To the Editor of THE LONDON MERCURY)

SIR,—With reference to the review of my book, *The Seventeenth Earl of Oxford*, published in the June issue of THE LONDON MERCURY, may I point out that your reviewer has—no doubt quite unconsciously—seriously misrepresented my attitude towards the important question of Shakespeare authorship ?

He objects to an alleged suggestion on my part that only the conservative element among literary critics would resist the claim that Oxford was the real author of Shakespeare's plays. I have nowhere in my book made any such suggestion. On page 327 I say : " A theory has recently been advanced that the Earls of Oxford and Derby are in some way connected with the authorship of Shakespeare's plays," and a few lines further down on the following page I allude to the foregoing theory as one which the conservative element among literary critics is wont to stigmatise as a fantastic one.

To be in some way connected with the authorship of the plays together with another writer—as I have suggested in my book—is surely a very different thing from being, as your reviewer puts it, " the real author of Shakespeare's plays." The point is an important one, as the latter alleged claim inclines your reviewer to doubt my judgment " all along the line," thereby conveying an impression—which I submit is incorrect—that I have not used well-considered judgment in the expression of my views.

Yours, etc.,

BERNARD MORDAUNT WARD.

[Our Reviewer writes:—I did not accuse Mr. Ward of saying that Lord Oxford wrote Shakespeare's plays, but only of obviously believing him to be " fully equal to the task." The admission that he could not have done so without the help of a collaborator does not, I am afraid, improve matters from the point of view of those crusted old Tories who still cling to the belief that Shakespeare wrote them himself ; nor does it materially lessen the shock of finding such theories paraded in a sane and scholarly work like this.]

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES & NEWS

Correspondence from readers on all subjects of bibliographical interest is invited. Our Correspondent will, to the best of his ability, answer all queries addressed to him

GENERAL NOTES

THE art of compression is one of the hardest of all to master, but Mr. Arundell Esdaile, who has recently republished his 1926 Sandars Lectures on bibliography as *The Sources of English Literature : A Guide for Students*: (Cambridge University Press. 6s.), has managed to cover—and readably—an astonishingly large amount of ground in his one hundred and twenty small pages. There cannot be many students of our literature—apart from those necessarily very few who have spent their working lives in such a great library as that of the British Museum—who will not find this summary of bibliographical knowledge extremely useful. Mr. Esdaile, after a short introductory section, takes the different classes of bibliography one by one, discusses them briefly, and mentions, with short criticisms, the main examples of each class. He also gives some notes, arranged chronologically, on private collections of books and sales. The whole forms a conspectus of a difficult and big subject which will teach much, not only to the novice to whom the book is primarily addressed, but to many who have done a considerable amount of bibliographical work; for it is wonderful—and, to me, a little alarming—what gaps in our knowledge we are often prepared for years on end to tolerate. Incidentally Mr. Esdaile, who always enlivens his writings with humour as well as with a graceful and exact prose style, finds opportunities for the introduction of one or two good stories—especially that of the copy of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, which was sent to the British Museum, and authenticated by the sender as a first edition because it contained “a photo of Bunyan opposite the front page.”

THERE has just been sent to me—without covering letter, but presumably either from Mr. Marsden J. Perry, or from the Grolier Club of New York—a copy of a beautifully printed pamphlet entitled *A Chronological List of the Books Printed at the Kelmscott Press, with Illustrated Material from a Collection made by William Morris and Henry C. Marillier, now in the Library of Marsden J. Perry of Providence, Rhode Island*. Of this brochure, which is presented to the Grolier Club and its members by Mr. Perry, eight hundred copies (none of which, presumably, is for sale) have been printed at the Merrymount Press, Boston. There is a Foreword signed by G.P.W., whom I suppose to be Mr. G. P. Winship. This list is, with a few exceptions mentioned by Mr. Winship, a complete short-title list of the work of the Kelmscott Press. The main part of Mr. Perry's collection consists of a complete set of Morris's own copies of the books printed by the Press, those of which copies were printed on vellum being vellum copies, and of a portfolio of minor pieces of the Press's work collected originally by Mr. H. C. Marillier. The result of putting together these two collections—Morris's own and that of Mr. Marillier—is that the only items which are missing are three:—the first of the two notices of the Annual Meeting of the Hammersmith Socialist Society, one variant of the series of diplomas for the Technical Education Board, and a vellum copy (there is a paper one) of the Address to Sir Lowthian Bell. In addition Mr. Perry's collection contains some books from Morris's library,

some of his manuscripts, and books by, or about, him printed otherwise than by the Kelmscott Press.

FROM Messrs. Henry Stevens, Son and Stiles, of 39 Great Russell Street, W.C.1., I have received the second part of the twenty-fifth volume of *Book Auction Records*, that convenient work to which I have so often referred in these notes. The present part deals with records of books sold by auction in January, February and March, of this year. All but two of the sales chronicled took place in London, and more than three thousand seven hundred items (including some Baxter and Le Blond prints) are recorded. The subscription for *Book Auction Records* is thirty shillings *per annum*. I am always interested in Goldsmith prices, and the present part of *B.A.R.* shows how even the commoner and less important Goldsmith items are appreciating in monetary value. A copy of the *Good-Natured Man*, 1768, is noted as being sold for £17, and one of the *Citizen of the World*, 2 volumes, 1762, for £25. These are in what we might call the second rank of Goldsmith's work, but even when one gets down to the third and fourth ranks, it is interesting to see that two or three pounds is now given at auction for books that were quite unregarded four or five years ago. The *Grecian History*, 2 volumes, 1774, for example, sold for £2 10s., the *History of the Earth and Animated Nature*, 8 volumes, 1774, for £5 5s., and the *History of England*, 4 volumes, 1771, for £2 12s. This upward tendency in the price of minor Goldsmith books is shown also by several catalogues which I have recently received from booksellers. Mr. Arthur Rogers, of 18 Eldon Square, Newcastle-on-Tyne, for instance, offers Goldsmith's edition of the *Poems of Parnell*, 1770, for £2 5s. And in a large catalogue issued by Messrs. Maggs Brothers, of 34 and 35 Conduit Street, W., I find *The History of England* offered for £4 10s.; a copy of the second edition (also 1774) of the same book for £1 10s.; and the *History of the Earth and Animated Nature* for £3 3s. Moreover this increased value of the minor books goes with the rapidly increasing rarity—in the bookshops and catalogues—of the more important of Goldsmith's books.

THE May number of the *Bulletin of the New York Public Library*, being the fifth of the thirty-second volume, is a stouter issue than usual, for it contains the report of the library for 1927. This is always to me a somewhat astounding document, and this year's report is no exception. The Library, of course, is really a series of libraries, but the summarised statistics are nevertheless remarkable. In round figures, these show that the Reference Collections were consulted by 1½ million readers, who used 3½ million volumes, not including books kept on open shelves. The circulating library figures included, I think, all the branches in New York, and show that 10½ million volumes were taken out in the course of the year. It almost persuades one that authorship may one day be a profitable trade! The stock of volumes in the whole of this library system was more than three millions at the end of the year. One of the most interesting departments of this library—as I remember from my visit to the Central building some eight years ago—is the Spencer Collection, which, if I recollect aright, is maintained from a special fund which is used for the purchase of books that are especially beautiful in their printing, illustration or binding. During 1927 several attractive books have been added to this collection, including one of the three or four known vellum copies of Colonna's *Hypnerotomachia Poliphili*, printed by Aldus in 1499, and—almost at the other end of the scale—copies of Samuel Rogers's *Italy*, 1830, and *Poems*, 1834, each with extra plates not published in the editions.

NOTES ON SALES

A COPY of the First Folio, 1623, of Shakespeare's plays, wanting the leaf of preliminary verses and four leaves from the body of the text, was sold at Messrs. Sotheby's, on June 20th, for the sum of £8,500, at which it was bought by Messrs. Quaritch, with Mr. Gabriel Wells, of New York, as the runner-up. This copy is one the existence of which had not previously been recorded, and the price it fetched—considering that the book was not quite perfect—was a very high one. So was the £500 which was given for a defective copy of the Third Folio, 1663. £490 was fetched by a Fourth Folio, 1685, a very good copy. There was also sold a portrait, known as the Ashbourne portrait of Shakespeare, for £1,000; the history of this picture does not go back any further than the year 1847, and it takes rather a hopeful mind to be convinced that it is really a portrait of the great dramatist. Finally—among the Shakespearean items—I must record that £310 was given for Mrs. Siddons' set, six volumes, 1770-1, of the plays, annotated by her for use in connection with her Shakespearean Readings. The same sale contained a copy of Christopher Smart's *Song to David*, first edition, 1763, the property of Smart's great-great-grand-daughter, Miss Conslade. It was in very good condition and sold for £700 to Messrs. Quaritch, a price which may be compared with the £590 given for the only other copy which has been sold at auction for many years past, that in the last portion of the Britwell library, which was sold at Sotheby's in April, 1927. Other interesting prices included Jane Austen's *Sense and Sensibility*, 1811, £82; *Mansfield Park*, 1814, £48; and *Emma*, 1816, £44—all bound in half-calf. A copy of the first published edition, quarto, 1765, of Goldsmith's *The Traveller* went for £115; and £410 was given by Messrs. Quaritch for a fine copy of the first edition, 1791, of Boswell's *Johnson* in the original boards. Lastly I cannot help mentioning that a one-page autograph letter of Mrs. Button Gwinnett fetched the large sum of £140. You, dear reader, have probably never heard of Mrs. Button Gwinnett. She was—you may have guessed it—the wife of Mr. Button Gwinnett, and *he* was one of the most obscure, if not *the* most obscure, of the signers of the American Declaration of Independence. Not unnaturally there are American autograph collectors who try to obtain autographs of all the signers of the Declaration. Not unnaturally, again, it also happens that some of the most obscure of the signers are, because of their very obscurity, those whose autographs are rarest. Among the very rarest is Button Gwinnett. Hence it happens that even a single page in his wife's handwriting is worth £140.

ITEMS FROM THE BOOKSHOPS AND CATALOGUES

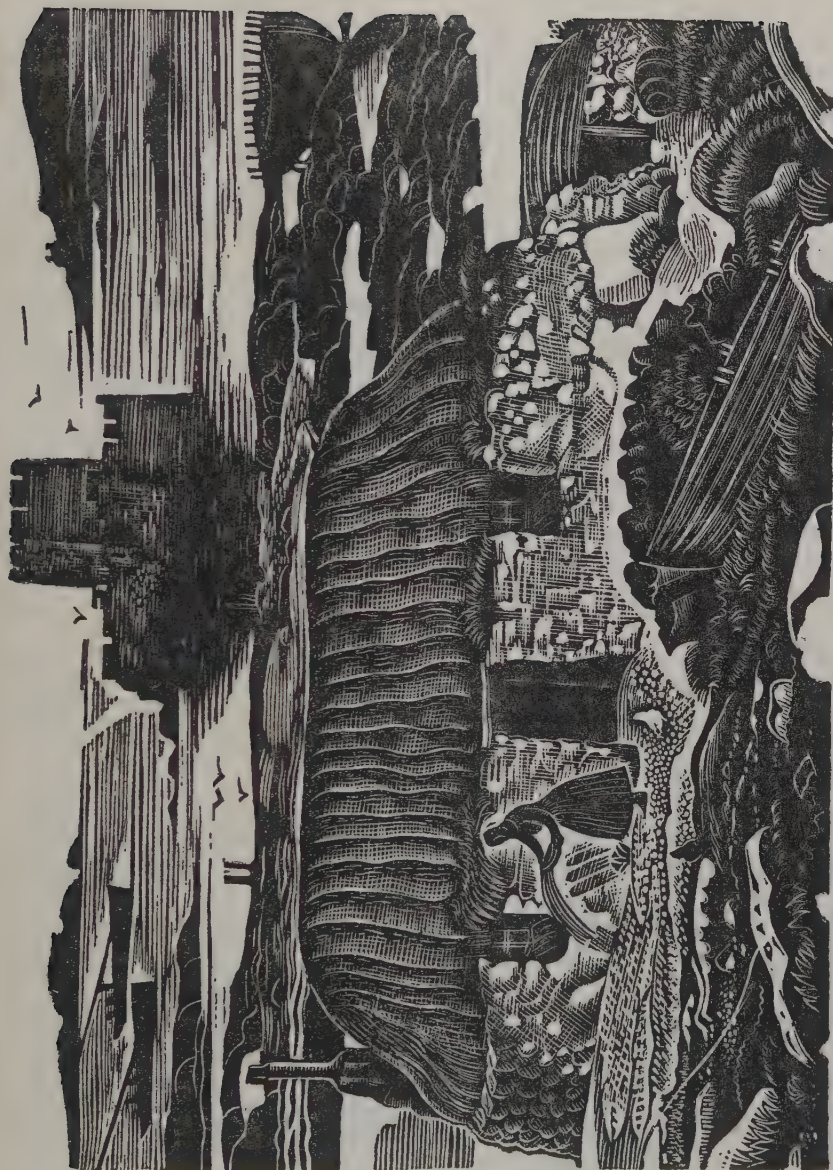
IN one of my *General Notes* this month I refer to the rising prices of the first editions of the lesser works of Oliver Goldsmith, and in Messrs. P. J. & A. E. Dobell's catalogue number 76, issued from 8 Bruton Street, New Bond Street, W.1., I find two more instances—a copy of the *History of England*, 4 volumes, octavo, 1771, for £4 15s., and one of the *Grecian History*, 2 volumes, octavo, 1774, for £4 4s. The catalogue also contains several books of interest to those who collect that charming poet Edmund Waller. It will be remembered that the finest eighteenth-century edition of Waller was the quarto edited by Elijah Fenton. Messrs. Dobell here offer, for £36, Fenton's copies, with numerous notes in his handwriting, of the 1686 edition of Waller's *Poems* and of the 1690 edition of the *Second Part of Mr. Waller's Poems*. I have not seen these books, but they sound as if they ought to be in a public library. There is what is described as "a very fine large copy" of the *Poems to the Memory of that Incomparable Poet Edmund Waller Esquire By Several Hands*, quarto, 1688, for

£9 9s., and a smaller copy for £5 15s. For £15, there is a very rare anonymous poem, which Mr. Thorn-Drury has shown to be Waller's, *A Poem on the Present Assembling of the Parliament, March the 6th*, 1678. This four-page folio is without place, printer's name, or date (save in the heading), and is thought to be a private issue; a published version of the same poem, altered to suit another opening of Parliament, is also in Messrs. Dobell's list. This, which costs £8 8s., is entitled *A Poem on the Present Assembly of Parliament, November 9th*, 1685. It is a folio of four leaves, and was printed for George Powell in 1686. The catalogue concludes with sections devoted to autograph letters and manuscripts, to engravings, and to a few manuscripts from Petworth House.

COLLECTORS of modern first editions will note with interest that Mr. Edgar Backus, of 44 & 46 Cank Street, Leicester, is offering, for £57 10s., a collection of items by Mr. John Drinkwater. This is described in Mr. Backus's catalogue number 40, new series, and contains, notably, the original manuscript of Mr. Drinkwater's play *Cophetua*, written on twenty-two pages quarto. In addition to this, the collection consists of twenty-two printed works by Mr. Drinkwater, mostly first editions and many of them with authors' inscriptions in them.

THE astounding way in which the value of the first edition of Johnson's *Dictionary*, published in two folio volumes in 1755, has risen in the last few years is exemplified by Messrs. Maggs Brothers, catalogue number 503. About six years ago I remember seeing this book offered in catalogues for about ten guineas or so, and seven or eight pounds was a usual price in the auction room. But that is all changed now, and Messrs. Maggs (I take them only as an example), who have two copies of the *Dictionary*, ask £68 for one and £55 for the other. Even for the first abridged edition, published in 1756, the collector is asked six guineas. Why on earth did I not plunge heavily in Johnson's *Dictionaries* about the year 1920? I always intended to buy a copy. I never did so. Now I never shall.

I. A. WILLIAMS



BARNA

Woodcut by D. P. Bliss

BOOK-PRODUCTION NOTES

MODERN FINE PRINTING

IN *Printing of To-day** Mr. Oliver Simon and Mr. Julius Rodenberg give us a "Survey of Post-war Typography in Europe and the United States," illustrated by a selection of some 150 representative title-pages or text-pages. About a third of these are from English books ; more than half from books printed on the Continent ; the rest are the work of American printers. In his Introduction, Mr. Aldous Huxley pleads for the beautifying of the machine-made book ; and Mr. Simon in the essay in which he reviews the work of English printers exalts the part played by machinery in printing the fine books of to-day. "Machinery is being intelligently approached and harnessed . . . it is the approach to and solution of this problem [of the use of machinery] which give modern printing its character." Like some others who have written on modern printing, he is inclined to damn Morris with something less than faint praise for his "astounding anachronisms" and his "mistaken solutions." Nevertheless, good and stimulating as are most of the specimens brought together in Mr. Simon's book, not one of them surpasses or even approaches the Kelmscott Press books in the excellence of their craftsmanship and in the completeness of their beauty. It would be good to be "mistaken" with Morris. The study of Mr. Simon's several specimens shows that their degree of excellence comes in great measure from the adoption and adaptation of just such "solutions" as Morris has left us. The issue is not between the hand and the machine. Morris himself used machine-cast type ; and the Albion presses which he used are themselves machines of a very ingenious kind. The beauty of Morris's work and the excellence of the specimens which Mr. Simon has gathered together alike come, not from the mechanical resources which have helped in their making, but from the trained minds and eyes and hands which have put those resources to good use. In England the directing mind and eye is sometimes that of the "Typographer," whom Mr. Simon describes as

A specialist who concerns himself exclusively with the designing of printing, the assembling of appropriate types, the choice of paper, ink, ornament, binding, etc., for the book in hand. He is sometimes, but too rarely, the master printer himself ; more usually, he is an outsider co-opted on the staff. . . . In England the Typographer is sometimes to be found directing from a publisher's office.

Mr. Simon next reviews the types, machinery, and paper which English printers have at their command. He commends the "English hand-made rag-papers of superb quality" ; but he is wrong in ascribing their stiffness and hardness to the rag fibre of which they are made. Their hardness is due to the sizing. He has some excellent remarks on "Printing Style," and finds that no very clearly marked style has emerged from current activities in English printing. He divides English printing into two schools : Period Printing and Contemporary Printing. The first he condemns ; on the other hand, he finds that a contemporary style is difficult to achieve because, as he insists with the emphasis of italics and small capitals :

There are no CONTEMPORARY book-types worthy of note : printers are in advance of typesfounders.

*4to. Peter Davies. 21s.

So he pleads with the makers of the monotype and of the linotype machines, who between them provide the letter for so large a number of modern books, to commission modern types.

In his review of *Continental Printing* Mr. Rodenberg strikes a different note from that of his co-editor, in tune with the different character of the work—French, Swedish, Italian, and especially of the German—about which he writes. The reason is in the difference of the outlook and training of those who direct book-making in the several countries. The German work is by far the most varied and also the most stimulating. In Germany fine book-production is in the hands of the “book-artist,” which “is not quite the same thing as the English term ‘typographer’”. Our English “typographer” can neither design a head-piece nor draw an initial letter. All he can do is to assemble more or less appropriately the work of others. On the other hand,

The book-artist is an artist who concentrates his efforts on the book, not merely as an illustrator, but as a supervisor of the whole process of its production. It is as designers of type, however, that book-artists have made their influence in German book-production very strongly felt.

Moreover, in Germany the typefounders work hand-in-hand with the “book-artists.” There, as in England, more or less free adaptations of types dating from the fifteenth to the eighteenth century have been made since 1900. In Germany, but not in England, the effect of this service has been

to incite the best artists to create new designs, which though sometimes inclining to excessive boldness, possess new significance and promising features. The movement may be traced back to the calligraphic movement associated with the names of Edward Johnston and Rudolph von Larisch.

A TYPICAL “BUCHKUNSTLER”

THE German “book-artists” whose work is shown or quoted in Mr. Simon’s volume include in their number such men as Koch, Tiemann and Weiss. The beautiful roman letter designed by Herr Weiss is shown on Plate 75. Like that of the others whom I have named, his work in book-production embraces much more than type-design. It includes lettering and penmanship, draughtsmanship, type-ornament and every manner of book-decoration, all of these conditioned and knit together by a practical and critical knowledge of typography. Every one seriously interested in book-production should study the examples of Herr Weiss’s work gathered together in the volume published by Herbert Reichner of Vienna, in celebration of the artist’s fiftieth birthday some two years ago. He is the typical “buchkunstler” of whom Herr Rodenberg writes as playing so large a part in modern German printing. Regret has often been expressed in these pages and elsewhere that a movement which has borne such kindly fruit in German book-production should have no counterpart in England, the country whence it drew its first inspiration and to which it still owes the best and most notable of its features. Cannot such an institution as the London Central School of Arts and Crafts, for instance, with its admirable courses in lettering, book-decoration, book-illustration, wood-engraving, lithography, typography and book-binding, bring forth from its classes men skilled in that all-round craftsmanship which will enable them to render the same kind of service to book-production in England as Herr Weiss and so many others are doing in Germany?

B. H. NEWDIGATE

CHRONICLES THE DRAMA

TWENTY BELOW. By ROBERT NICHOLS and JIM TULLY. Gate Theatre Studio.

THE HOUSE OF THE ARROW. By A. E. W. MASON. Vaudeville.

COSI FAN TUTTE. By MOZART. Royal Court.

THE MAN THEY BURIED. By KAREN BRAMSON. Ambassadors.

WHEN Mr. Robert Nichols was in Hollywood he met Mr. Jim Tully. Mr. Tully had been a tramp and a pugilist. He detested the "values of Hollywood" and loved "what was robust and intransigent in art," and these two qualities endeared him to Mr. Nichols. Mr. Nichols describes how the queer partnership made a three-act play. "One day Jim brought me some characters and a situation for a play. 'Where do we go from here?' he asked. I spent two days on it. 'Right,' I said. 'I see it. We go on this way. . . .'" I sketched the myth to him—for to me the art of the theatre is the incarnation of myth—and in his Yegg (cracksman) I had glimpsed on an underworld Prometheus, in Blazes (the girl) a nymph of the roads, in the situation the promise of an ironical comedy. 'Good,' he said, 'Shoot.' The result of Mr. Nichols' prompt shooting is *Twenty Below*, a Drama of the Road.

The scene is in a small town-jail in the Middle West of the United States. The jail has been thrown open, those parts not already occupied by convicts, on a bitterly cold night for any waifs or tramps who care to huddle round a stove and sleep on a bench or plank-bed. Five men have come in out of the storm. Dino Gibbons, a big, broad-shouldered Yegg; Has-been Riley, a down-and-out boxer; Doctor Percival Whittaker, an insane doctor; Louie, a cow-herd, and lastly, the Duke, a city-bred, flashy, pimply, patent-leather-shod, bowler-hatted, cringing, boasting and whining sneak-thief. A jolly party, in fact. They huddle round the stove and snarl and swear and quarrel and boast. Finally the conversation works round to women and all the vileness of their vile hearts leaps out, from the loathsomeness of the New York "Duke" to the animal bestiality of Louie, the herd. Then a sixth tramp comes in, a boy. In a very short time it is discovered that the newcomer is really a girl, and the men's passions flare up from what might be called a theoretical discussion into practical politics. The Yegg, easily the biggest and strongest of the men, insists that they shall play fair and draw lots for her. So they take five straws of unequal length from a broom and add a sixth straw for the girl, Blazes. The Yegg proclaims the rules. The drawer of the longest straw gets the girl and if Blazes draws the longest herself, then she is to be allowed to choose. They make her hold the straws while they draw, and she is left with the longest. She chooses the Yegg. The Duke, mad with fury and thwarted lust, attacks the Yegg and is instantly knocked down. Then the four losers are taken to four empty cells for the night, leaving Dino Gibbons with his prize.

So far the play is almost pure Tully, presumably. The characters of the five men are so vile and so brilliantly drawn that surely they must be old acquaintances of the ex-hobo and pugilist, and the swearing is so terrific and picturesque and appropriate that it can only be recollection at first hand. The action has been plain and straightforward, the situation familiar. But from the moment when Dino and Blazes are left to fight it out, the poet comes in and the hobo makes way for him.

The scene that follows is a wonderful piece of dramatic writing, full of beauty and emotion and tenderness in the midst of the sordid surroundings and appalling language. The heavy, clumsy, brutal mind of the Yegg gradually turns into a very simple and child-like thing before the strength and passionate purity of Blazes. The whole metamorphosis subtly and surely takes place before our eyes. At first there is simply the brute who has had a bit of luck and got hold of a girl where he never expected to get hold of a girl. Then there is admiration for her courage and amusement at her cool audacity in defying him and then come the first glimmerings of doubt, for the first time in a lawless life, doubt whether he is doing right. From that moment the change goes more quickly. A vague code of honour emerges, a Yegg's honour, a thing that had never troubled him before, and with it comes the realisation that he is not really bad all through. From that it is only a step to admiration for the scrap of humanity that is working such an extraordinary change in his life, and so to a brief and exquisite love-scene. Finally they fall asleep side by side, on two hard chairs, with Blazes' head on Dino's broad chest.

Next morning telephone messages warn the police that Dino is wanted in a neighbouring State. He tries to escape and is shot in the back by the "Duke," half crazy with rage at the thought of his solitary night on the plank bed compared with the night he imagines Gibbons must have spent. So the Yegg is killed for the first good deed of his life and Blazes takes the road again, alone.

It is not a great play; there is too much that is sheer vileness and bestiality about it. But it is an intensely striking, vivid, alive, passionate play, and Miss Beatrix Lehmann is the heart and core of it in her acting of Blazes. Mr. Dennis Wyndham skilfully makes the Yegg into a background for Miss Lehmann's dramatic and moving performance.

The House of the Arrow was one of the best detective-novels of recent years. The play that has been made out of the novel is a poor affair in comparison. It is no better and no worse than all the other crook plays, whereas the book was right at the top of its profession. It is a commonplace to say that the adaptation for the stage of a successful novel can be at best merely a judicious selection of episodes and incidents. But the essential thing is that the selection should be really judicious. In this case, there was a novel crammed with movement as well as subtlety, with dramatic situations as well as dramatic characters, and the best that can be done with it is to produce a dull and commonplace play. It is hard luck on Mr. A. E. W. Mason.

It is not fitting to speak of the acting. The untimely and lamented death of Mr. Dennis Eadie, who played the part of the French detective, has removed a figure of importance and influence as well as charm and personality from the English stage. Mr. Eadie was a distinguished member of a long tradition of actor-managers and his association with Mr. Vedrenne has its place in the history of the theatre.

Sir Barry Jackson's revival of *Così fan Tutte* is as enchanting as ever. Mr. Steuart Wilson's delightful tenor, Miss Vivienne Chatterton's humour, Mozart's music, the production, the chorus, and all the rest of the singers combine to make *Così fan Tutte* a delicious evening's entertainment.

Mrs. Karen Bramson is a disciple of Mr. Shaw. In *The Man They Buried* there are at least three long scenes which consist of an inferior hash-up of parts of *The Doctor's Dilemma* and parts of *The Philanderer*, jumbled up together without sauce or spice and served cold. But whereas Mr. Shaw's doctors, Blomfield Bonington, Ridgeon, Walpole, Paramore and the rest, are recognisable types, human beings, honest and sincere according to their different ideas, Mrs. Bramson's doctors are grotesque caricatures. The surgeon, Cardinet, babbles about "a ducal peritonitis, worth

200,000 francs to me," while Doctor Menard has apparently no ideas beyond flirting with pretty patients and the wives of colleagues. The theme of the play is purely and simply a doctor's dilemma. Dr. Duhamel has found a serum which will cure cancer. He gets cancer himself. Is he to risk trying his own unproved serum on himself or is he to confess his serum a failure by undergoing an operation? That is his problem. He tries the serum. It won't work, but he refuses to confess it a failure. He prefers to die. As a preliminary, he sets out for a prolonged wander in the streets of Paris where he meets a beggar and a couple of policemen, visits a fortune-teller and talks to a prostitute in a night-club. The conversations convince him, mysteriously, of something or other. What it was exactly that he was convinced about did not emerge, but the result was to send him home to undergo the operation. Surgeon Cardinet operates and finds that the trouble is not cancer but appendicitis. Through all this runs the vicissitudes of Madame Duhamel's love for her husband which varied in inverse ratio with his temperature. When he was ill she did not like him at all and when he was well she adored him. But in spite of the awkwardness and artificialities there were some impressive scenes and there was some good acting. Mr. Owen Nares, Mr. Arthur Wontner, and Miss Jeanne de Casalis were all excellent, and Mr. Leon M. Lion succeeded in making the part of the old beggar almost a beautiful one. But some of the other players were really awful.

FORTHCOMING PRODUCTIONS.

The theatrical season, if it may be said without annoying Sir Gerald du Maurier, is proving an exceedingly difficult one. There have been no fewer than thirty-three failures this year already. Plays have appeared, run and vanished all inside a week. I have had first-hand experience of this transient life, for I came up from the country to see the sixth night of a certain play and when I arrived in London I found that it had faded far away, dissolved and been quite forgotten. At least two plays have had the extreme satisfaction of being withdrawn to make way for a newcomer only to be hastily resuscitated on the untimely decease of the supplanter. In spite of it all, however, theatres do not seem to stand empty. Plays and backers always seem ready to pounce on a vacant house and July is going to be a busy month. On June 25th, M. Serge Diaghileff opens a five-weeks' season of Russian ballet at His Majesty's Theatre, and on his programme is the new Stravinsky ballet which has just been produced in Paris for the first time. In the first week of July, Mr. Leon M. Lion begins a season of Galsworthy at Wyndham's, opening with *Justice* and following it with *Loyalties*. Mr. Eden Phillpotts has a new play, *My Lady's Mill*, and Mr. Edward Wilbraham has collected a strong cast for his *Twenty Houses in a Row*, which is to be produced by the Venturers' Society. The Arts Theatre is to be as busy as usual. On July 1st Miss Athene Seyler is producing *The Tragic Muse* by Mr. Hubert Griffiths and the company is to include Miss Edith Evans and Mr. Leon Quartermaine.

There are two last events to chronicle. The Shakespeare Summer Festival begins on July 2nd and no new work is announced from the pen of Mr. Wallace.

A. G. MACDONELL

ARCHITECTURE

PUBLICATIONS

ENGLISH MONUMENTAL SCULPTURE SINCE THE RENAISSANCE.

By KATHARINE A. ESDAILE. S.P.C.K. 10s. 6d.

THE CATHEDRALS AND CHURCHES OF BELGIUM. By FRANCIS BUMPUS.

T. Werner Laurie. 25s.

THE AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE OF TO-DAY. By G. H. EDGELL.

Scribners. 25s.

SKY-SCRAPERS OF NEW YORK. By VERNON HOWE BAILEY. New York ·

Rudge. No price quoted.

PICTURESQUE ARCHITECTURE IN PARIS. By THOS. SHOTTER BOYS.

Edited by E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR. Architectural Press. 60s.

FOR some years there has been an increasing interest in English monumental sculpture of the centuries which followed the end of the mediaeval tradition. Before that, however, it was the fashion to cry down the works of this period. Now and again some sculptor or architect dared to admire examples of this kind, or some simple-minded countryman whose taste was not fouled by the opinion of the half-trained world would marvel at the workmanship, declaring the piece to be seen in his parish church well made and finely wrought. Now the experienced critic shares, with the rustic and the exceptional, their pleasure in these works ; and there will be no excuse in future with which the adherents of the dying fashion will be able to cover their lack of appreciation, or even their active dislike, of the family memorials of these centuries and particularly of those of the eighteenth ; for Mrs. Esdaile has at a stroke raised these monuments from the status of disfiguring pieces of marble to that of native works of art, more interesting, if less saleable, than the furniture and fire-places so longingly sought by connoisseurs of the plastic arts. Reading her work, *English Monumental Sculpture since the Renaissance*, we find ourselves sharing a pleasure with the author of which we have been but barely conscious. So full is the knowledge from which this book is built that one feels that an immediate and accurate answer would be returned were the authoress asked to tell the maker's name and the payment he received for some monument we know of in an out-of-the-way parish church. It is certain that so careful a collector will make sure that the records she has will not be lost, and it is to be hoped that others who may follow her lead and continue to make researches on the lines she has laid down will keep her informed of the results they obtain.

The risk that some of these monuments may yet disappear under the vengeance of the devotees of Gothic architecture lingers on to-day, though the antagonism they rouse is gradually being dissipated by the benevolent influence of Diocesan Advisory Committees. They are further protected with greater care than much other older work of a more vital and constructional kind because the Bishops' Chancellors, bred as lawyers, pay, by the nature of their calling, greater attention to the rights of individuals and families than ever they do to the claims of art and good workmanship.

The book contains thirty-three illustrations. There are several chapters relating to the history of the subject, to the conventions of different generations and to the symbolism of different schools of thought. There are two chapters of especial interest in which the works, manner and worth of the favourite sculptors of each age are described. How many know the name of the man who has become "world-famous as the sculptor of Shakespeare's monument"? Who can tell without reference to books when Nicholas Stone lived or when Joseph Nollekens died?

The second edition of Mr. Bumpus' book on the Cathedrals and Churches of Belgium (the first was published in 1909) is in fact a guide book—useful as such for reference but tedious to read in other circumstances. It is carefully compiled. Mr. Bumpus adds to his description of the buildings stories taken from their history and from the lives of the great persons who have been connected with them either at the dim beginnings of their story or in the very yesterday of their being.

C. H. Edgell, Professor of Fine Arts at Harvard University, has written a book which will help the people of his nation and of our own to understand and appreciate American, and I would add the international, architecture of to-day. The story of the changes which followed the traditional manner of building accepted and employed with but small modification by the colonists from Europe and by their American grandchildren to the consciously chosen styles borrowed from Rome, from Greece, from mediæval and renaissance France, Italy, and England is traced with clarity until the days when architecture became promiscuously but accurately elective. From his pages we may see how, then, every architect was willing to build in the manner chosen by his client. And, finally, the reader becomes aware that at the present day purely "period" building is giving place to the forces of life, and that architecture more and more is naturally falling under the control and direction of the balanced partnership of art, convenience and finance. With our ancient civilization and the architecture it has left us, the history of the changes in manner which each short decade brought to the people of the United States of America is of little interest. It is the nature of this modern, but not modernistic, architecture that we wish to understand, and from Professor Edgell's book we may do so; if indeed it is ever possible to understand a living creature that is always out of reach, always away on some unexplored track. How can the naturalist classify an animal or bird so changing and so elusive? Nor is it more easy for the architect or his critic to define this architecture under a heading that will convey the idea of a "style" from which we can no more stray than did our ancestors of Byzantium or Westminster, when the churches were built which have made famous those two cities. Elective, in degree, this modern architecture still is, but outweighing that tendency and perhaps eventually to extinguish it altogether are the influences of economic and of changing usage. These dominating influences are seen in all modern architecture, whether it is mean or generous, shameful or noble, unless it be purely monumental or consciously an affectation. These exceptions come about when the American designs a memorial little related to his daily life, or when a wealthy citizen demands of his architect a home reproduced from some palace or mansion which he has seen in Europe. In such cases the resulting building has little effect on the course of the main stream. It is a by-product, a curious incident, an eddy in the flow of life not affecting the direction of the moving current of reality. These scholarly architectural freaks may justly be likened to a man mowing a hay field with a scythe on a farm managed and controlled by some Henry Ford of agriculture. The resulting building may be noble in its mass or picturesque as a landscape forced to recall a painting by Claude, but it will never be representative of the heart of modern civilization. For the study of the

living stream of architecture we must turn to those chapters called "Commercial Architecture." Here our author shows himself aware that the old style-names fail him. He sees and admires and we share his admiration as we look at the photographs he has chosen for us. Because he finds architect and engineer working together as one organising force, he turns and asks that old question, "What constitutes Architecture?" I need not follow the arguments that lead him to his conclusions in this matter. For it is enough to notice that the raising of the huge buildings of this class calls for more planning, more forethought, and more calculation and a finer organisation than it is possible for any one man to devise in the time available. Thus Architecture, complete and whole, is brought back by paths very different from those traversed of old to show itself the product of many minds united by the sympathetic guidance of one as it was in the Middle Ages. Commercial architecture, particularly in America, grows from the assemblage of materials, themselves made and afterwards put together with appliances that are powerful and precise beyond the imagination of all former generations. The influence of these new methods produces a new style—not because an architect desires to be modern or a disciple of modernists but as the result of a common-sense use of material scientifically prepared so that there may be no waste of the kindly produce of the earth's surface nor of the labour that moulds it. No waste, unless it be of the lives of men who by their service make it possible to produce and assemble the parts which in his turn the desk-bound draughtsman so precisely describes and orders. The result is a man-ruling and man-ruled style of building and its power and terrible beauty shows clearly that it is so. There are compensations. Each man while he serves thus to pile mass on mass may at the end stand aside from his labour and contemplate the united result of his own and his fellows' work, with a pride not unlike that of the kings of the earth who of old believed that they and not the civilization of their day produced the Temple of Karnac or the Colosseum of Vespasian.

Professor Edgell's book is the best I have yet seen on American architecture. It is full of interest. There are three hundred and seventy-four illustrations set in four hundred pages of text, including excellent indexes. The work may well be read in conjunction with the book of twenty-four drawings of New York Sky-Scrapers by Mr. Vernon Howe Bailey.

The book of Thomas Shotter Boys' drawings of *Picturesque Architecture in Paris* (1839) is delightful. The coloured reproductions are very good indeed. Whether it is bought because one loves old Paris or because one admires Boys' drawings irrelative of their subject, the book is equally a pleasure to possess.

SOME ARCHITECTURE AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

IT is good news to learn from the revised drawing of Lambeth Bridge that Sir Reginald Blomfield is not now proposing to face steel with granite. The new design will add to the growing reputation of this architect. Other designs for bridges are shewn; some, as the bridge over the Limpopo River in Africa by Sir John Burnet and Partners and the mass concrete bridge at Wansford by Maxwell Ayrton, are very good. But most people, I think, will hope that when the new Richmond Bridge comes to be built the approach towers will be omitted.

A. R. POWYS

POETRY

RETREAT : NEW SONNETS AND POEMS. By EDMUND BLUNDEN. Cobden-Sanderson. 6s.

NEW POEMS. By W. J. TURNER. Chatto & Windus. 5s.

POEMS. By REGINALD ROWE. Macmillan. 4s. 6d.

MR. BLUNDEN recently returned from a three years' Professorship at Tokio and nobody who knew his temperament and work supposed that Japan or any other place would modify his salient characteristics : he is as incorrigibly English as the wild rose.

From school the hungry youngsters rushed,
The caravan passed, the mill sluice gushed.

"Dear,"

I answered, "all my ways led here."

What he was, he is. He did, however, write certain poems inspired by Japanese subjects, though not coloured by a peculiarly Japanese outlook. It is a disappointment not to find them here, but a note, instead, promising their separate later appearance. Why this segregation ? Do we want Shelley's Italian poems in one volume and the rest in another ? Most good modern poets suffer from a too great subdivision of their works, Mr. Blunden amongst them. What we really want from him is a collected volume, not a new small book even more vigorously winnowed than it need have been.

However, even this small book shows that he is still developing. His roots are still in the old soil : transplanted, he would die. But the sapling has grown into a tree, and small boughs into great branches. His earlier work was largely descriptive, in the manner of Clare and even Thomson. But there was always a beating heart as well as a seeing eye behind those careful pictures of village-greens, fishponds, farm-yards and ploughed fields, and as time passes Mr. Blunden's more personal experience and expression becomes continually more prominent. In his relation with landscape, as in other relations, this is so. He gives us now the general behind the particular, as in *Nature Displayed*, which opens :

I loved her in my innocent contemplation,
I felt before the need her consolation ;
Where green-enshrined the spring-well tinkled down
I drank sweet music ; the soft shadow brown
Of hazelled purlieus by deer-pastures made
My fancy's ambush. Down in the lawny glade
(Hope more than guessed) white sylvandom was dancing,
The wind-waved bough betrayed the wild sylph glancing.

As with himself, so with others : humanity and its problems are more present to him than they were ; he is a man now as well as a pair of eager eyes, and his loves are wider. There is plenty here for his old admirers : it is delightful, for instance, to find him paying a metrical tribute (and who more worthy ?) to Birket Foster. But he has gained in variety, and his collected edition, when it comes, will astonish everybody. For there is never a false note in him, he is a poet "all the time," and his moods multiply. I wish I had room to quote here *Solutions*, a combination of observation,

reflection and humour of which no other living man is capable.... Confound these tiny volumes ! Cannot Mr. Cobden-Sanderson take his courage in both hands and put Mr. Blunden into one volume ? His stature might then be seen and his accomplishment duly praised.

I take it that Mr. W. J. Turner knows what he is up to. He began as a comprehensible, if sometimes rough, poet, relating his present to his past, painting peculiarly coloured and concrete pictures of both, and expressing very acutely the romantic desire for escape. To-day he seems to have actually achieved the escape, and have become so far removed from both the pleasures and the pangs of human nature, and the ordinary scenes of human life as to be incomprehensible—at least to me. So far as I am concerned, much as I admired his early work, most of this book might have been written for Mr. Wells's Martians : I seldom understand these verses, and when I do seem to understand them they leave me cold. One of the few comprehensible things in the book is an extremely Donneish poem beginning :

My true love has my heart and I would be
There where my heart lies beating tranquilly,
Rocked in her bosom, Cortez of that pure flood
The unnavigated atlas of her blood.

This Mr. Turner calls *Formal Lyric* : he is deluded if he thinks it entirely lucid and commonplace, but at least he indicates that it is too much so. In *Soliloquy* he explains himself in the first person :

I am not a writer of lyrics
But these fragments from my pen
Have a hotter ardour than those of other men.
And I have imagined things stranger
Than dew in the daytime,
Or the dry maypole that blossomed again.

This is a moving, if very bewildering poem ; the links in the argument are constantly omitted, but the impulse is evidently strong and there is a powerful conjuration of scenes. *Coromandel* is a charming reminiscence of Mr. Turner's earlier self, and there is an *Epitaph* which is a little masterpiece, as thoughtful as it is passionate. In a general way Mr. Turner at present seems to be fishing in muddied waters and bringing nothing up. It is as though, poetically, he had lost his personality, found the ground failing underneath him, and plunged into a welter of disconnected things. Perhaps a large collection of his little books might make his evolution clearer.

A number of Mr. Reginald Rowe's poems have appeared in our own columns. They are mostly very short and very restrained : and they gain greatly from being brought together. There is no defect of passion, whether the theme be love or the mystery of existence ; but Mr. Rowe is an under-emphatic poet and his idiom has to be learnt before the full force of his feeling is perceived. He is very much of a piece ; nothing is forced or manufactured. It has pleased him, frequently, to toy with a form which he calls the " Octette " : but his octettes are no less sincere and no more padded than his other poems : the form is always careful but the content fills the cistern. Here is an example, showing he combines sincerity with the grace that is too often monopolized by the totally unserious:

My life shall be my length of days less one !
The day I saw her not, yet might have seen,
Shall darken my pale memories of the sun
When I sink down to Hades and have been.

Not so ; for I have counted up the cost
 And dreamed that day into a splendid fate,
 A Heaven more sure than any I have lost
 To hold against the truth inviolate.

There is a good deal of life in that. *Whither* is the best example of the short poems in which Mr. Rowe summarizes in a few neat lines the doubts and aspirations which the nineteenth-century romantics expressed so effusively and noisily. He often writes as though he were a returned poet from an earlier age who had digested the " new " elements in common thought and experience. He has also affinities with the farther past in regard to humour and wit : he permits himself a smile, sometimes wry, even at his most passionate moment. This ending may serve as an instance :

Then dead and dreamless shall we lie,
 Our long ears covered up by dust—
 Or follow still, because we must,
 Eternal carrots in the sky ?

It is the small product of an unobtrusive Muse ; but there is more art and more experience in it than in most of the books of verse which dazzle the public for a season.

FICTION

THE ENGLISH MISS. By R. H. MOTTRAM. Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d.

THE FOLLOWING FEET. By NORMAN VENNER. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

PAPER MONEY. By GEORGE BLAKE. Constable. 7s. 6d.

UNDER THE YEW. By ROBERT NICHOLS. Secker. 5s.

THE PASSAGE IN PARK LANE. By J. DE LA MARE ROWLEY.. Thornton Butterworth. 7s. 6d.

THE GRIERSON MYSTERY. By LLOYD OSBOURNE. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

THE INSTRUMENT OF DESTINY. By J. D. BERESFORD. Collins. 7s. 6d.

NEARLY everything that Mr. Mottram tries to say about his Marny Childers in a volume of close upon three hundred pages was better said in one sentence of Miss Alice Ritchie's *The Peacemakers*, a novel which I praised here last month—a sentence about a girl who was a prefect in her last year and had an influence and made everyone unhappy. It is true that Mr. Mottram does not see Marny quite like that, but then I suspect that he knows less about girls' schools than Miss Ritchie. He tells us enough about his heroine to make it clear that others might take a different view of her, and this is probably the view that was taken by a good many of her school-fellows. I say that he tells us enough . . . perhaps I should have said that he tells us too much. His method is relentlessly entomological. We see the specimen under the microscope from every point of view, and as each fresh slide is pushed under our eyes, it is accompanied by Mr. Mottram's lucid if rather thin-voiced explanation. It would have been better perhaps if he were rather more of a field-naturalist. Every pose of Marny's is lifelike and some of them are genuinely revealing, but the whole series fails to convey any sense of the continuous transition from pose to pose. She never, in a word, comes alive : she has been too long in Mr. Mottram's killing-bottle. If he had observed her in the wild state instead of putting her so firmly, so dispassionately into the cyanide of potassium he might have been able to tell us less about the anatomy of her spirit, but more about how it manifested itself. There are other and disquieting disappointments in the book—more than one sign that Mr. Mottram's grasp of his instrument can slacken. It is a little disconcerting to find in him such a sentence as this, of Marny growing up : " The new knowledge that had come to her, for all her deep reserve, showed in her face and figure, made her eyes starry and her movements conscious, less like those of a young colt." Again, when she leaves school : " Then, at last, whistles were blown and doors slammed, and amid chatter and waving hands, the train bore them on, out of tutelage to their destiny." This sort of stuff will not do from Mr. Mottram.

My complaint against Mr. Venner's *The Following Feet* is that it is not long enough, and I do not say this in any spirit of empty compliment. A book may spoil itself by being too short just as thoroughly as by being too long, even though, when it does, the error is easier for the reader to bear. Mr. Venner might have written the best picaresque romance of modern times. He has missed his opportunity because he did not realise (or, realising, did not care) that the picaresque calls for length. Therefore his treatment of an admirable theme is admirable so far as it goes but almost always

too sketchy. His Oliver Honey, ex-officer and prospering greengrocer, is already beginning to worry about the meaning of life when, in rapid succession, he finds himself unexpectedly in possession of a thousand pounds in cash and is told that unless he consents to conduct himself for ever like an invalid he cannot look for more than six months more. His choice is soon made. He sets himself free from every tie and goes out with his thousand pounds on an expedition of enquiry. The adventures that follow are exceedingly well contrived and, especially, the dialogues which occur in them are invented with great spirit. There are one or two points to which exception may be taken. The women whom Oliver meets offer him their favours with rather too much frankness as well as too much unanimity. And there is a touch of sentimentality in the conclusion which I hoped might have been avoided. It might have been worse. Mr. Venner does in the end kill his man, instead of discovering that the diagnosis was mistaken—but he kills him in the act of ringing the church-bells to summon help for children in a burning house. If he had given himself more time and twice as many pages for the development of his theme, he would probably have arrived at some more satisfactory conclusion. But, though he has not given his inventive gift a fair chance, I feel grateful for such of its fruits as have ripened here. In particular, the whole story of Oliver's apprehension for sleeping out is first-rate comedy and, technically, a first-rate narrative. Mr. Venner may do something remarkable if he takes himself seriously enough.

Mr. George Blake writes here the comedy of manners—the manners of the prosperous manufacturing middle-class families in Glasgow. His story is that of the progress of Matthew Faed and his family from decent comfort in a humble way to a house in the Highlands, only fourteen miles from their beginnings, as the crow flew, but by road, and by spirit, a good deal further. Matthew's wealth—a wartime product—comes when half his family is past being seriously moulded by the new conditions and the other half ready to profit by them. Mr. Blake works out the consequences very well indeed. He begins dully and takes far too long in getting to his point of real departure, but from then on he allows himself, just as Mr. Venner does, too little room. His character-drawing is done with tenderness but also with an astringent accuracy and he avoids the twin Scottish vices of sentimentality and artificial "pawkiness." His minor persons spring into life with startling rapidity and convincingness and make one wish that one could have seen them depicted on a larger scale. I do not think it is too much to say (experimentally) that he is the most interesting novelist of his sort we have had out of Scotland since Miss Ferrier.

We now approach the region of mysteries. The first mystery on the list is Mr. Nichols's reason for having written *Under the Yew*. It is not an undistinguished or an uninteresting piece of work: nothing by Mr. Nichols could be either. But there is something curiously purposeless about it. It is, in a way, satisfying in itself. It is the story of a small country gentleman in the eighteenth century with whom gambling was an overmastering passion. He lived, along in his little manor-house, only for the days and nights he might spend at the house of a neighbour where stakes were high. One night there he met a young man of wealth, Sir Anthony Noble, who challenged him to play until one or the other should be ruined. He accepted and, after a long bout in which for most of the time luck ran with him, that fate fell upon him. As he rode home by moonlight he encountered "an aged woman and a starveling boy" who appealed to him for succour:

The boy did not stir. His eyes still intolerably dwelt upon my face—as if for ever. Only in that gaze, so bright at first, bright as with the sudden and intense final conflagration of the last of hopes, something slowly shrank to a pin-point and went out. Hope

expired, leaving the pits of the eyes more desolate than against a quarry face the grimy smudge where a gypsy fire has been.

"I can give you nothing," I answered. "I have nothing to give."

The boy then turned to the woman and said in a voice so low as to seem scarcely the voice of the living, "Then, mother, we must die."

The gambler continued on his way, converted from his wickedness, and afterwards regarded this meeting under the yew-tree as a supernatural intervention in his fate. The story is well told, a good, if not impeccable, pastiche. But one has an odd feeling that Mr. Nichols intends something more than this. There is a portentousness about all the main episodes as though he were dumbly drawing one's attention to some meaning he could not express in words. I put the book down, feeling that I had missed something—and suspecting that Mr. Nichols had missed it too.

The Passage in Park Lane involves two mysteries—one inside it which is the substance of the story, the other outside, relating to its authorship. The author's name suggests a definite literary relationship which is quite astonishingly borne out by many pages in the book. I do not suspect Mr. Walter de la Mare of having invented a plot which Mr. Phillips Oppenheim or Mr. Edgar Wallace could have carried off better. But, if he had nothing to do with the writing and the invention of characters, then he has an imitator of considerable gifts. I suspect two collaborators, one who devised the plot and constructed the framework, and another who provided, or elaborated, the characters and wrote such passages as this:

Time moved. The barrister's pipe burnt low, and "Wormwood" was sheeted in the clinging dusk. Around Mr. Merriman eddied the faint damp breath of aged Winter. Each leaf of the cypress had its funereal tear, and the faith of the grass in coming Spring grew forlorn as icy beads oozed along its blades. Mr. Merriman's world was the kernel of a cloudy sphere where his vision and his thoughts wandered along radii of inches to the furthestmost star of Mr. Boom's glowing pipe, until its owner knocked out the last modicum of ash, and, rising to his full height, tossed back the vapours like some antediluvian monster rearing his head above a waste of waters.

If Mr. Walter de la Mare had nothing to do with that, I shall have to emulate one of Mr. Chesterton's characters and begin to wear a cabbage as a hat preparatory to eating it.

The student of Stevenson will be interested to read a "thriller" written by one of the authors of *The Wrong Box* without the help of the other. I think that from *The Grierson Mystery* one can gather how much Mr. Lloyd Osbourne contributed to that masterpiece and that it was a far from negligible contribution. Those without this special interest will find the book readable and exciting enough.

Mr. Beresford must write more detective stories. His plot and his characterisation are both on a high level and neither interferes with the other. But I must enter an earnest protest against the diction of the speech in which the criminal confesses to the crime.

EDWARD SHANKS.

BELLES-LETTRES—I

A BOOK OF WORDS. Selections from Speeches and Addresses delivered between 1906 and 1927. By RUDYARD KIPLING. Macmillan. 6s.

A FINAL BURNING OF BOATS, ETC. By DAME ETHEL SMYTH. Longmans Green. 6d.

THIRD LEADERS FROM *THE TIMES*. With an Introduction by GEO. GORDON MERTON, Professor of English Literature of the University of Oxford. Edward Arnold. 7s. 6d.

AS THEY SEEMED TO ME. By UGO OJETTI. With an Introduction by GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO. Translated by HENRY FURST. Methuen. 6s.

CORNELIAN: A FABLE. By HAROLD ACTON. Edition limited to 550 numbered copies signed by the author. Chatto & Windus. 6s.

HOW TO DO IT. By ANTHONY ARMSTRONG ("A.A." of *Punch*). Methuen 3s. 6d..

MR. KIPLING does not seem to have addressed by word of mouth meetings of professional fishermen, private soldiers, naval ratings, policemen or natives of India. Or, if he has, his remarks are not included in *A Book of Words*. One notices these omissions because he seems to have held forth before a collection of every other kind of person he ever wrote about. Moreover, as one pictures the occasion upon which each speech was made (and the speaker being Rudyard Kipling one is compelled by sheer verbal force to picture both the matter treated and to whom delivered), one usually has the somewhat eerie impression that the hall or dinner table was filled with some character out of the short stories which had multiplied itself to come and listen. Of course the impression is unreasonable, and I mention it without disrespect towards some of the most verifiable institutions in these islands and Dominions. All the same, it would be interesting to hear from, say, a member of the Canadian Club, Toronto, if he did not feel a little like a changeling on a given evening in October 1907. The truth is, I suppose, that Mr. Kipling, besides being one of the great creators in fiction, is also to a considerable extent the creator of the points of view and even attitudes and moods of most Englishmen possessing what used to be called the sanguine temperament—and to these he confines his attentions. At any rate, he speaks to people in bulk as if he had in some sense created them, which gives these speeches much of their charm. Indeed, one begins to see how that has had a great deal to do with his charm all along.

This being so, it is surprising to find an apology for the profession of letters in every speech, an apology only just hinted at to schools, made to universities vaguely and rather blandly, to business-men frequently and humorously, but growing profounder and more concrete as its hearers ascend the scale of sanguinity. Take for instance, the comparatively quiet form in which the apology is made to mere fellow-conspirators, the Stationers' Company :

Since that dreadful date (1450) there has not been a crime in the Decalogue, from anonymous letter-writing to the spread of idealism which we have not fostered, facilitated and democratised. Incidentally, too, we have turned life into the nightmare of a never-empty waste-paper basket.

It is the same diffidence, presumably, that leads Mr. Kipling to choose as a rule some single aspect of his subject for development. On a typical occasion Fellows of the Royal Geographical Society were addressed simply about the "picture" of his job which the leader of a party of men operating under difficulties of time and space carries in his head, how some men have a graph with co-ordinates for supplies and mileage which traces itself as they march, and how others pay out imaginary reels of cotton.

Of course, things like that, and there is no better speech in the book, are only the off-hand conjuring-tricks of a great magician, but conjuring-tricks have the advantage, as against miracles, that they offer a fair chance of detecting how the thing is done. In this book one comes closer than ever before to the old straight guess at the root of the matter and the old feeling for colour in stuff presented to any of the five senses. Nothing could be more revealing than "the exquisitely graduated and significant series of smells that lie like iridescence on an oyster-shell over the last 2,500 miles of South Africa." But best of all one sees near-to and over and over again the old rousing meiosis which seeks out gallantry, or at least a gallantry-potential, in every kind of situation, and then pretends that it is no more than one might expect.

Dame Ethel Smyth is a complete foil to Mr. Kipling, which is a way of saying that while he is true articulate man she is true articulate woman. I am inclined to think one would find, if one knew enough to verify her, that Dame Ethel has been steadily giving away in her prose for some years the complete mysteries of her sex. She has almost certainly been doing so far longer in her music, but unfortunately I have never heard any—which fact, suitably generalised, is what most of the present book is about. Discussion of that main theme does not belong to this chronicle. Briefly stated, it is a demand that we should recognise genius in a woman rather more quickly than we recognise it in an apprenticed apothecary, set forth in one of the most notable prose styles of our day. It may appear trite to say that it is a musical prose, but I have not heard it said before. "Musical" of prose, and even of verse, has come to mean what "Chopinesque" would mean of music. The parallel must not be taken too seriously or too far, but I would suggest that she is contrapuntal in her thought rather than harmonic. Notice, for instance, the gusto of the little recurring "scratchy" rhythms in her account of how on the Czecho-Slovakian border she was submitted to that last indignity and terror of the traveller in foreign parts, separation from her passport. The railway officials have retired apart to examine it, with those of her fellow-passengers, and woman-like but justifiably she does not believe that they are doing any good with it:

Aware that no other reading is admitted on the Continent, I began calling out "Smitt, Smitt" at intervals as soon as I got near the barrier. But even this failed to convey anything to the Czech mind, and again and again I saw my passport tossed aside as unclaimed; till at last, only three being left and the train about to start, I literally shrieked "Da! Da! Da!" and eventually was united to my property.

She has an eye as eager for the springs of a personality as Mr. Kipling's for the gist of a physical fact. If she does not altogether like you she can have the universal out of you in a trice and make you look like a caricature. There is no doubt that she knew, or rather tried not to know, the curate who takes up many of the best pages in this book, and yet he is all the curates of *The Sorcerer*, *The Great Adventure*, and *The Private Secretary* rolled into one, with his own peculiar and doubtless sober traits rakishly worn over all. As a sort of pre-written cadenza to the book the libretti of Dame Ethel's two operas are attached, headed, with characteristically cheerful irony, *Two Comedies for Music*.

It would be unfair to contrast *Third Leaders* and *As They Seemed to Me* as representative of the best English and Italian journalism. If a contrast is implied, such is the nature of chronicles. The impress of the column is strong in *Third Leaders*. The disadvantage of this is that they all have a rather monotonous family resemblance. The advantage is that they get going at once. The subject, usually a rural one, is given out as a rule in the first sentence and is never for a moment abandoned. Unfortunately it is never taken very far. The natural reaction to most of the essays is a wish that such wise striplings had been allowed to grow to a dignified maturity. I like best *Country Inns*, in which Doctor Johnson's chair is prettily introduced to sit beneath the dart-board in the public-bar as symbol of the robust opinion on matters of current discussion there habitually enunciated.

The mark of the column is hardly visible in the essays of Signor Ojetti, who edits the *Corriere della Sera* of Milan, except that they likewise are a little stunted. One is suddenly brought face to face with some of the most interesting Continental figures of the last twenty years and then as suddenly shown the door. However, one has at least been on a visit, and not only for a stroll as in *Third Leaders*, and will not easily forget Zola's "bloodhound face" and "perfect sense of smell," France's little hat, Loti, very tired and ill, politely examining the Italian war-front, Mommsen "tiny, yellow, and black," Barrès' cheekbones or Proust's neck and unacceptable evening attire, though one may be sorry not to have been properly introduced. Valéry, however, is heard at some length, criticising himself with an expert air.

Most young writers wish they dare write another *Zuleika Dobson*. Mr. Acton has actually dared, bringing the matter up to date with a little unpleasantness and dissociation of ideas. His fantasia is, on the whole, good fun, the overwritten patches being such as excellent young poets often string together during lapses of taste. Mr. Armstrong's book has no overwritten passages and is also good fun. If anything the fun is a little too unstrained. The humour of mock-advice on life and letters and what to do with plum-stones has passed into our national consciousness by now.

E. G. TWITCHETT

BELLES-LETTRES—II

THE SAVOUR OF LIFE: ESSAYS IN GUSTO. By ARNOLD BENNETT. Cassell. 6s.

APES AND ANGELS. By J. B. PRIESTLEY. Methuen. 5s.

PRUNES AND PRISM, WITH OTHER ODDS AND ENDS. By CHARLES HALL GRANDGENT. Oxford University Press (for Harvard). 11s. 6d.

JAPANESE ALL. By J. INGRAM BRYAN. Methuen. 6s.

MORE ESSAYS OF TO-DAY. Selected by F. H. PRITCHARD. Harrap. 3s. 6d.

READING an essay is like listening to the conversation of a friend. No, it is better than that, for this sort of friend can be picked up for a few shillings and dropped at will. In Folsom Prison (California), next to books on cookery and on etiquette, collections of essays are most in demand. The prisoner does not want to read about the world; what he wants is the illusion of being of the world: he provides for himself good food, social intercourse, and friends, above all friends. Like friends, essays cannot be classified, defined, described. Even more than friends, they hold their position in our affections through their personalities alone. We may, perhaps, like our friends for a variety of dull and selfish reasons, but unless we like the personality of the author as it quickens his essay, unless we are stimulated, amused, interested, an essay never becomes a friend, never becomes an essay of our own circle.

I am thankful that I shall never have to give a party for these five books of essays. Four of the guests are "characters" and one is polyglot. Mr. Arnold Bennett, as the guest of honour, sits in a great arm-chair and discourses on the savour of life. The "characters" trot about and whimsically change the subject. Polyglot is falsely superior and sycophantic in turn, for he depends on the other guests and their kind for his very existence. I have made friends of these five books, but I can never bring them together; and I hope no more than one of them ever drops in to see me the same evening.

Mr. Bennett has written a review and a criticism of his own book in his *explanation* to *The Savour of Life*. Mr. Bennett sees himself clearly, more clearly, perhaps, than do his critics—whether admirers or detractors. The gist of Mr. Bennett's argument in his *explanation* is as follows:

For myself, I began as a journalist, I have never ceased to be a journalist, and I have no intention of ceasing to be a journalist. . . . Nevertheless, journalists who are not novelists accuse me about once a week of pot-boiling. The argument is not stated very clearly; but it seems to amount to this: first, that a man who has written long realistic novels which have met with approval ought not, if he is a serious artist, to write anything but long realistic novels; second, that a man who can make a livelihood out of writing novels ought to confine himself to novels, because if he goes outside them he will make more money. Personally, I cannot see that a writer ought not to write what he wants to write simply because the result of his doing so would be an increase in his income. I write for money. I write for as much money as I can get. Shakespeare and Balzac did the same. . . . According to my theory, the same novelist is entitled to write on high politics and literature and the fine arts in high-brow periodicals with a select circulation, and also appeal on common daily subjects to vast publics in newspapers with a circulation of a couple of millions. Why not? . . . I have never expressed opinions that I do not hold; nor have I ever been asked to express such opinions. Life for me has many savours, which I relish keenly. Therefore many subjects interest me. I never write on a subject which does not interest me, and I always write as well as heaven permits. . . .

And that is very well indeed, but I like Mr. Bennett better when he writes on his *Discovery of Calais*, his opinions on *Russian Fiction* and *Some French Books*, his chats *Round about Literature*, and his *Thoughts on European Hotels*—than I do in his articles on *The Provincial Woman*, *Hustle*, *Discontented Youth*. It is Mr. Bennett, the accomplished novelist and essayist, that I like—not Mr. Bennett, the journalist.

Mr. Priestley's *Apes and Angels* never fails to be enjoyable. He writes delightfully and whimsically about life as it is. He is concerned with simple pleasures and little annoyances, rather than Problems and Wrongs; and when he points out an annoyance, it is the annoyance that shrieks, never Mr. Priestley. He is sometimes ironic, often subtle, always restrained. I liked going to *The Flower Show* with Mr. Priestley, I enjoyed myself tremendously at *T'Match*, and the evening spent at *Our Theatre* was one of the most amusing I can remember :

The Village Vagabond is none of your new trumped-up melodramas. Crummles himself must have opened with it many a time. It is a melodrama in the real old tradition. That tradition decrees that as soon as a character is mentioned somebody must look off and cry, "But here he comes!", that nobody must ever really go more than a few yards away from the scene so as to be ready to pop in again in a minute or two, that all the virtuous characters must be extremely sententious and rather silly and all the wicked ones very rude and even sillier. These pieces reveal to us the affairs of some planet quite different from this, one in which all the people who know one another meet at every turn and everybody is slightly mad but gloriously rhetorical. Not that we villagers mind that : we see enough of this world and are delighted to find ourselves in another one, strangely different, for an hour or two.

We liked these people no matter how queerly they behaved. We liked Harry, the so-called village vagabond, really a fellow with a heart of gold, idolized by all the fisherfolk. He had very curly hair, wore a blue jersey and high boots, always talked very nobly at the top of his voice, and was always on hand to snatch at horse-whips and revolvers. We knew very well that he had never attempted to murder his father, that he had returned to the old home, from which he had been banished, merely to change his clothes, the clothes that he actually brought with him to the old home—a queer procedure certainly, but not to be confused with attempted murder. We knew that he would escape from Portland, though we actually saw him (and all the other characters too) in the quarry there, slaving away putting two half bricks in a bucket and then taking them out again. And because we liked the comic Jew moneylender, who called everybody "Ma tear," and had a passion for crawling about on all fours, we knew that he too, though no better than he should be, would escape and be just in time to give evidence, to point to the man "who struck down his father in his brother's clothes." If you imagine that Father wore his brother's clothes you do not understand the plot, though I must confess that the phrase just quoted—Acts Three and Four were peppered with it—does suggest something of the kind.

Jack, the bad brother, was rather too mysterious a figure for my taste. Every time he entered, you began asking yourself all manner of puzzling questions. True, he was a swell, almost a London swell—everybody said so—and no doubt these swells are very different from the rest of us. But why did he wear white spats in the evening with his dinner jacket? Was it to suggest that he had now completely abandoned himself to a life of luxury? And then why, later that evening, did he exchange his dinner jacket for a morning coat, still wearing his dress shirt and waistcoat, and why was it somebody else's morning coat five sizes too large for him? Why did he arrive in the Portland quarries dressed for tennis, with an open shirt and blazer, yet wearing a straw hat and carrying a walking stick? Was it so that he might all the more effectively mock at his wretched brother, now a convict in a grey flannel suit with broad arrows chalked on, and doomed to pick up half bricks. . . .?

And Mr. Priestley could talk for hours about *Hats*, *Thick Notebooks*, *The Dark Hours*, *Stierism*, or anything he chose—and I would offer him another drink, or do whatever one does to keep a man talking.

"Papa, potatoes, poultry, prunes and prism—" These words—"all very good for the lips," as the governess in *Little Dorrit* remarked—"especially prunes and prism—" these words started Professor Grandgent on a train of thought, suggested many ideas, and reminded him of many good stories. For that is the way the professor writes: he starts with one thing, perhaps only a word or two like prunes and prisms, and rambles on, commenting here, being reminded there—taking the willing reader on a personally conducted, but joyfully haphazard, tour of the countries of his mind. This method of writing and of talking is a favourite among teachers and professors, and in the hands of a lesser man it is apt to become tiresome. Professor Grandgent is never tiresome. Like many Americans who have grown to a distinguished old age, he is particularly delightful, for he combines a fresh healthy outlook with a cosmopolitan polish and sense of proportion.

Professor Grandgent's essay on Benjamin Franklin's little treatise, *A Scheme for a New Alphabet and Reformed Spelling; with Remarks and Examples* (written in 1768 and never published until after Franklin's death), was to me factually the most interesting. I quote:

In the first place, it furnishes us with a key to Franklin's own pronunciation, a specimen of the cultivated American usage of the middle of the eighteenth century. Whether Boston or Philadelphia was the more responsible we cannot tell, the standards of the two cities being at that time so nearly alike. . . . Not without interest are Franklin's renderings of certain individual words. *Are* he always pronounced, it would seem, like *air*, though perhaps shorter. *Get* for him was *git*, *friend* was *frind*; *been* had "short *i*." *Have* and *Has*, when unstressed, were *hev* and *hes*. *Bosom* had in its first syllable the vowel of *but*. *Angel* began, it would seem, with the vowel of *end* (which was used also in *change*); but in the writing of *e* and *ee*, our amateur phonetician was careless. In *calm* Franklin sounded the *l*; so he did, apparently, in *could*, *would*, and *should*. *To* was usually identical with *toe*. The word *new*, which occurs repeatedly, is always written *nu*, indicating the vowel of *noose*; whereas *few* is of course spelled *fiu*, as *you* is *iu* and *use* is *ius*. Throughout the text the usage is of an elaborately formal type.

Japanese All, by J. Ingram Bryan, is a series of vignettes of present day Japan, written by one who knows the Japanese very well and understands them. They are not travel sketches, but are rather studies of contemporary manners, illuminated with humour and touched with fancy. The book is fascinating and, I am told, photographic in its accuracy.

Mr. Pritchard has brought under one cover an admirable selection of contemporary English essays in his *More Essays of To-Day*. The book is divided into five parts: *Work and Play*, *The Changing Scene*, *The Art of Living*, *Of Various Occasions*, *As You Like It*. Thirty-four authors are represented—but like most anthologies it is rather a book to have than a book to read straight through, although for a heterogeneous collection the writers and the subjects blend unusually well.

H. S. BOUTELL

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

THE LIFE OF LORD CURZON. By THE EARL OF RONALDSHAY. Volume 2.
Benn 21s.

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF KING GEORGE III. Edited by the HON. SIR
JOHN FORTESCUE. Macmillan. Volumes 5 and 6. 25s. *each*

THE CASE OF JEAN CALAS. By Sir FREDERICK MAUGHAM. Heinemann. 6s.

A DIPLOMAT OFF DUTY. By THE HON. SIR FRANCIS LINDLEY. Benn. 12s. 6d.

DAYS IN DOORN. By THE EMPRESS HERMINE. Hutchinson. 21s.

THE RISE OF THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD. By COUNT CORTI. Gollancz.
25s.

LORD RONALDSHAY, in the first volume of his *Life of Lord Curzon*, gave us a book of quite unusual psychological interest. He indicated, in fact, a new Lord Curzon—a shy, sensitive, self-deprecating person; underestimating his own abilities; full of boisterous good humour among his friends, but in public suffering agonies from an acute “inferiority complex” (Lord Ronaldshay’s word), the existence of which was certainly never suspected by those who did not know him well. The interest of the book lay less in the events of Lord Curzon’s early career than in this new reading of his character, so quietly and persuasively put before us. In this second volume, on the other hand, we are concerned primarily with events. Lord Curzon is now Viceroy, and the story of his life has become the history of India. And it is in that history that we must expect to find proof, if any exists, of Lord Ronaldshay’s theory.

At first sight it would appear to be a hopeless quest. India, as everyone will admit, rather went to Lord Curzon’s head. It was not only the pomp and ceremony of the Viceregal court and the enormous power placed in his hands, though these things undoubtedly appealed to his imagination: it was that he now had a task for which he possessed unique qualifications, and consequently felt more sure of himself than he ever had before. His insatiable appetite for work, his skill in “gutting” an official file, and his wide reading and knowledge of the East gave him an advantage over most of his subordinates—not to mention the Government at home—which led him to disregard adverse opinions, and finally to hear them only with impatience. He was as sensitive as ever to criticism. When he found that certain newspapers, native and European, were attacking him on every occasion, he gave orders that they were not to be shown to him. The one thing that he could never forgive his opponents was the appearance in the British press of obviously inspired attacks upon his policy, which must have been based on confidential documents. Yet merely because he could see no reasonable or honest argument against the partition of Bengal, he disregarded the whole agitation against it, with unhappy results; and had he been more yielding in his relations with the India Office he might have received more support in his duel with Lord Kitchener over the status of the Commander-in-Chief.

Politics are not in my province, but the relations between the Viceroy and the Commander-in-Chief of his choice (for it was Curzon who had pressed for Kitchener’s appointment) and the India Office are made clearer and more interesting than ever before by the letters and other papers which Lord Ronaldshay publishes here, in many cases for the first time. “I am bent on not quarrelling with Kitchener

personally," wrote Lord Curzon ; and at first these two incompatibles liked each other well. Curzon writes, in a tone of good-natured amusement :

I never met so concentrated a man. He uses an argument. You answer him. He repeats it. You give a second reply, even more cogent than the first. He repeats it again. You demolish him. He repeats it without alteration a third time. But he is as agreeable as he is obstinate . . .

The obstinate man won in the end ; and Lord Curzon who had ascended the steps of Government House in December, 1898, so full of " brave hopes and high aspirations "—to quote his own words—in November, 1905, found himself walking down them again, with very different feelings into " the cold dissecting chamber of history." In the writing of that history he himself refused to take a part. King Edward had written to him personally asking him " not to enter into any further controversy regarding the different issues with my Government which compelled you to resign," and Curzon loyally obeyed. But he both desired and expected that the full story of his work in India would be told, as he would have told it, after his death. That is what Lord Ronaldshay has done in this second volume. As before, he is studiously fair and moderate, while frankly stating the case from Lord Curzon's point of view. The book is of great historical value ; and it is for that reason only that I mention one small mistake. The " Rangoon outrage " is described in Chapter IV, not in Chapter VI, as stated on page 244. We have no index yet, and it is therefore important that these references should be correct.

Sir John Fortescue's collection of the correspondence of King George III has also reached a stage at which history—or, at any rate, British parliamentary history—is being made at a lively pace. The two new volumes open in 1780, with Lord North still Prime Minister, and close in December, 1783, with the summary dismissal of the Fox-North Coalition—a great triumph for the King. We find his Majesty in fine fighting trim and not disposed to waste many regrets even over the loss of the North American colonies. Indeed he remarks to Shelbourne " that knavery seems so much to be the striking feature of the Americans that it may not in the end be an evil that they become aliens to this kingdom." Which may be a very foolish opinion, but does afford a remarkable example of the traditional British spirit of not knowing when you are beaten ! This instalment of the letters is full of interest and makes much brighter reading than some of its predecessors.

That deplorable miscarriage of justice known as the Calas case, when an aged French Huguenot of the eighteenth century was executed for the murder by hanging of his son, an able-bodied young man of twenty-nine, is now dealt with adequately for the first time in English, by a distinguished member of the legal profession. It would be unfair to give away the author's suggested solution. The one thing certain about the case is that poor old Calas was wrongly tortured, wrongly found guilty, and wrongly broken on the wheel, and that Voltaire in taking up the matter some years afterwards and obtaining a reversal of the sentence and the rehabilitation of the surviving members of the family did a noble work. If the Calas family had told the whole truth from the beginning and stuck to it they would probably have been believed, but the more than " third degree " methods of examination employed by the authorities was the surest way of frightening people into telling lies.

A Diplomat off Duty is a delightfully genial book. In his fishing and shooting and swimming expeditions, no doubt, Sir Francis Lindley cultivates that bland, unruffled demeanour which is so useful in his profession. Nothing seems to disturb his equanimity. He is excellent on Norwegian salmon and Korean tigers (which he pursued,

but, like many others, never saw), and his notes on the best seas to swim in, open up a fascinating subject, hitherto almost unexplored. He rightly gives the palm to Greece :

No other country provides such backgrounds to a sea at once so warm and limpid. Not even the Bay of Naples can compare with her ; nor can the cooler waters of the Adriatic, backed by the stern mountains of Albania, be held to equal the *Ægean*. Greece is classic ground for the swimmer . . . it is with feelings almost of religious awe that the *aficianado* takes his first plunge into her waters.

Alexandria, or Aboukir Bay, might be ranked a good second ; but there are strong currents there, and I cannot agree with Sir Francis that there have never been any sharks.

In *Days at Doorn* the ex-Kaiser's present wife purports to tell us all about the distinguished exile's daily life. In fact she tells us very little, and that commonplace enough—unless it be that the ex-Kaiser reads family prayers every morning and even preaches sermons twice a week ! The book rambles from subject to subject and date to date ; and the printers have not been particularly kind to it, for they make Xenophon's Greeks shout " *Thalatta ! Thalatta !* " when they see the sea. But we do get one very definite impression—namely that no one could possibly help feeling sorry for the ex-Kaiser in his appalling loneliness after the death of his first wife, nor glad that this good-natured, loyal, little lady should have consented to keep him company in her place.

I gather from the daily papers that we have at last arrived at a really satisfactory definition of that difficult word romance. Modern romance—" *Big Business Deal Romance*," " *Romance of Rich Man's Career*," and so forth—simply means saving pennies, eating kippers when the others are eating "sausages and mashed," staying at home to add up figures instead of walking with a girl in a country lane. On that definition this story of the fortunes of the Rothschild family must be the most romantic book ever written. They saved up so much money, and lent so much to other people, that at last they had famous journalists in their pay and were pulling the strings in all the chancelleries of Europe. Gold poured through their fingers—gold, the very stuff of romance—and no one can deny that they seem to have made a very excellent use of it. The book is a very able piece of work. It tells fully and impartially and readably a story which, one is surprised to discover, has never been told before.

CLENNELL WILKINSON

NATURAL HISTORY

THE PLATYPUS. By H. BURRELL. Angus & Robertson, Sydney, N.S.W. 25s.

THE HERRING. By J. T. JENKINS. P. E. King. 12s.

THE NATURALIST AT THE DINNER TABLE. By E. G. BOULENGER. Duckworth. 6s.

GERARD'S HERBALL. Edited by MARCUS WOODWARD. Gerald Howe. 21s.

POISONOUS PLANTS. Engraved on wood and with an introduction by JOHN NASH. Etchells & Macdonald. £2 12s. 6d.

THE GUESTS OF BRITISH ANTS. By H. St J. K. DONISTHORPE. Routledge. 18s.

WHEN, towards the beginning of the nineteenth century, the skins of the Platypus or Duckbill first reached Europe—accompanied no doubt by rumours to the effect that the owners of such were four-footed, mole-like animals, which abounded in Australian rivers, and not only quacked, but laid eggs—the savants very properly suspended judgment. It was as though “The Great Nonesuch” of the travelling menageries had been soberly presented to them for description and classification. If, they argued, and the “if” was a reasonable one, these *exuviae* had not been conceived in sin and shapen in iniquity by some rogue taxidermist—and the arts of such still flourish among the oriental heathen—then they must either be the skins of mammals which by some unaccountable whim of the Creator had just missed being birds, or the skins of birds which had just missed being mammals.

The earliest dissections of *Ornithorhynchus paradoxus*, to give him his technical title, so far from solving the difficulties, heightened them. They established the genuineness of the anatine snout and the four webbed feet; and, though they did not solve the question of egg-laying (one can imagine the first bandyings of such tangled expletives as viviparous, oviparous, ovo-viviparous, and vivo-oviparous) they at least showed fairly conclusively that the reproductive organs were more closely related to those of reptiles and birds than to those of mammals.

To pre-Darwinian evolutionists Platypus must have been of prodigious interest, but, even had the doctrine of natural selection been current in their time, it would not have greatly profited them, since Platypus and his fellow enigma Echidna appear to have been satisfied in the remote past with such mammalian attributes as could have been evolved decently and in order by the close of the Mesozoic; and to have remained contentedly stereotyped ever since. In establishing an entirely new Order for their reception, Science paid tribute to a conservatism which had remained adamant certainly for hundreds of thousands, probably for millions of years.

There is no evidence that Platypus has ever during this stupendous flight of time been nearer to London than New York; and then only in the summer of 1922 for a sojourn in captivity of tragic brevity; but Echidna, from whose cage is exhaled an aroma suggestive of the super-musts of antiquity, is usually to be seen and, by favour of his keeper, smelt in the London Zoo.

The note of acrimony in the preface to Mr. Burrell's excellent monograph is obviously directed against officialism, and ends, as I imagine it is intended to end, with the preface itself.

Throughout the book, controversies which have raged round the life-history of *Platypus* are recalled by quotation and re-quotation from their protagonists, while the author's reasons for agreement or disagreement with this or that theory of his predecessors are stated with convincing simplicity and coolness, and backed by photographic evidence of exceptional weight. On these lines his chapters deal with the sensory perceptions of *Platypus*, which would seem to be in the main tactile, and to be centred in the flexible muzzle; with the poison-spurs on the hind-legs of the male; with the nesting-burrows of the female; and, of course, with the latter's egg-laying, incubation and suckling.

The possibility of egg-laying by *Platypus* remained in doubt until the discovery of the eggs by Caldwell in 1884, that is to say, until some eighty years after the discovery of the animal itself. Mr. Burrell's field work has not only confirmed and amplified Caldwell's discovery, but has supplied us with extremely interesting first-hand descriptions of fighting, copulation, "pugging," as he terms the successive "stops" in the tunnel leading to the nesting cavity, which are constructed by the female to ensure "a solitary confinement," diet, habitat, and so forth. The points in which the habits of *Platypus* resemble those of other mammals are almost as startling as their points of difference. The fighting tactic, for instance, in which male combatants, fastened head to tail and tail to head, spin over and over close-locked, is precisely that favoured by shrew-mice, and is no doubt concerned with the same portion of the foe's anatomy as the first objective; the sleeping attitude, of which a photograph is given, is also the shrew's sleeping attitude; in *Platypus* restless activity and nervous high-tension have as their corollary a voracious appetite—so it is with the shrew. The method of burrowing—it would perhaps be better described as "boring"—in which the animal's whole body is converted into an auger, the snout forming the point, and the limbs cutting edges, is very like that of the mole, though with the important difference that, instead of ejecting spoil from the tunnels to form hillocks or mounds, *Platypus*, with the help of its flat tail compresses all that it dislodges, so as to form a smooth, solid-sided tunnel of just sufficient diameter to travel in. When the female forms her "pugs" she secures her material by making special excavations in one side or other of her winding main shaft, which under normal conditions has its entrance well above water-level, and proceeds up the bank at a distance, if such be practicable, of above twelve inches below the surface. The normal distance "inland" of the nest would seem to be about twenty feet in the case of a new excavation, and more in the case of older ones. It was no doubt this burrowing work, and possibly the appearance of the newly-hatched young, and the way their hair grows, in which respects, to judge from the photographs, they bear a very marked resemblance to young moles, that led to "Duck-mole" being one of the earliest synonyms in the vernacular. *Platypus* seems to depend for defence on a rubbery suppleness of limb and body working under exceptionally loose skin; but *Echidna* can erect an armour of spikes like a hedgehog, and, like a hedgehog, rolls itself up into a ball when molested. The resemblance, then, between certain habits and external characters of insectivores, and those of the probably more archaic monotremes, is a matter of fact rather than of conjecture; but we do not know sufficient of either Order even to hazard a guess as to whether one of them, and if so, which, may have foreshadowed the other.

Dr. Jenkins has given us a valuable summary of the natural and "economic" history of the herring. The latter, with which the larger portion of his book is concerned, is the history of the exploitation of an easily won, nutritious and inexhaustible food supply by successive financial combines. Beginning with the Hanseatic League, which did not engage in the fishing itself, but controlled it, this exploitation

passed from their hands into those of the Dutch, and eventually into our own. Presently, no doubt, the business will be directed by the experts of the League of Nations, on such sound financial principles as may be approved of by the international money market.

The situation of the British archipelago, surrounded as it is by comparatively shallow water, is exceptionally favourable to herring fleets. The old theory of seasonal migrations to and from arctic waters is exploded. Two main groups of herring are now recognised, the sea group and the coastal. Both deposit their spawn on clean sandy shoals, thus differing from most other food fishes whose eggs are lighter than water ; but whereas the sea-herrings affect depths of fourteen fathoms or more, the coastal, which are smaller fish, spawn close inshore, or even in brackish estuaries. Both groups are held to be sedentary, and it is their shoaling for spawning purposes, at different seasons in different places, that determines the movements of the fleets, which may be roughly defined as tending in a southerly direction from the Orkneys to the Channel as the year advances. Attempts to transplant fertilized spawn to the southern hemisphere, for example, the South African or New Zealand waters, have so far failed, though it is not impossible that the difficulties of ensuring a low temperature and suitable aeration during transit may yet be surmounted. Immature herrings are familiar to epicures as one of the ingredients of whitebait, which is a mixture of various kinds of allied fry, the herring preponderating in summer and the sprat in winter.

Mr. Boulenger's *Naturalist at the Dinner Table* is a reminder that humanity often acquiesces in an ignorance of the constituents of its *delicatessen* which no self-respecting ape would tolerate. One should not perhaps attach undue importance to the chicanery in the various provision trades, which is so wittily described in this entertaining volume. That rock-salmon is a euphemism for wolf- or angler-fish for example, and that such coarse flat-fish as "witch" or "megrim," are discreetly camouflaged under the title of "Torbay" or "Scotch" soles does not mean much more than that the fishmonger, like any other monger, is more concerned with salesmanship than with honesty. Nor can we blame the poulterer for adapting the supply of "plovers," eggs to the demand, when, to the great majority of his patrons, the flavour of any small chequered egg is determined by the price asked for it. It will no doubt be news to many that such notorious foreign delicacies as clam-chouder, bouillabaisse, birds' nest soup, and edible frogs are now freely obtainable in London.

Gerard's seat among the immortals is, I think, as permanently assured as that of Izaak Walton ; but I should not attribute this so much to the quaint and fragrant charm of his diction (even Mr. Bernard Shaw may appear quaint and fragrant to posterity) as to the fact that he was the first to recognize the demand for a comprehensive book on gardening, and this at a time when books were comparatively scarce, and the enclosed garden was becoming a fashionable craze which was destined to be permanent. Fortunately for ourselves Gerard concerned himself as much with wild as with cultivated plants ; and he appears to have found a happy hunting ground on the London clay for our southern wild flowers in general, as well as one on the chalk, about Greenhithe and Southfleet, for orchids, or, as he less decorously terms them "Fox Stones." The format of Mr. Woodward's abridgment preserves the spirit of the original, and is creditable to editor, publisher and printer alike.

I have been glad of the opportunity of comparing the modern woodcuts of Mr. John Nash's *Poisonous Plants* with the old ones of the *Herball*. One finds, as one would expect to find from the nature of his subjects, which are without exception deadly, dangerous or suspect, that Mr. Nash's engravings suggest at first sight

the darkness of the pit. A more patient study of them, however, will reveal the artist's intention, which is to indicate the "malignant," not only in form—the "viperish leer" of the dwale is, for instance, admirably suggested—but also in hue. The brief descriptive notes might usefully have suggested some remedies for "berry-pizenning," a common enough disorder with village toddlers, which is usually left to cure itself by eruption.

Mr. Donisthorpe has followed up his standard work on British Ants by a beautifully illustrated and equally interesting volume on their "guests." By "guests" are meant such creatures as habitually, and for better worse, associate with ants, either for a portion or for the whole of their lives. Obviously such associations, which may be forced on the guests by the "hosts", or *vice versa*, and which may be accompanied by mutual or one-sided manifestations of interest, indifference or hostility, cannot be co-ordinated by any simple generalization. "True" guests are those who are either fed or licked (i.e. milked) by the ants, or both fed *and* licked—the plant-lice or aphides are the most familiar milch-cows of ants, though far the most numerous are beetles—yet "all true guests," Mr. Donisthorpe tells us, "are more or less harmful to their hosts, and are not as has been suggested the pets or flock of the ants, but rather wolves in sheep's clothing."

The ant, in fact, pays ; and sometimes for an infatuation which has been compared to alcoholism in man. So potent, for example, is the attraction of a particular brand of liquor, distilled by a guest-beetle known as *Lornechusa*, that the ant hosts will cheerfully sacrifice their own broods to satisfy the voracity of the beetle's larvae ; and a similar case is that of the larva of one of our rarer butterflies, the Large Blue, which, after its third moult, provides nectar so agreeable to ants that, not content with milking it in the open, they drag it by the scruff of the neck to the nest. Here it finds a substitute for its natural food plant, wild thyme, in the immature stages of the ant brood, and, having become full-fed on these, hibernates as a pupa and hatches out as a butterfly in the nest itself in the year following. Experts in solving evolutionary problems will no doubt protest that in cases of this kind, the liquor imbibed by the ants is an essential tonic rather than a luxury ; and will explain the horrid case of the Javanese bug *Ptilocevus*, which *devours* mature ants after doping them, as yet another aspect of fraudulent mimicry, in which the sense of gustation, instead of that of sight, is deluded.

DOUGLAS ENGLISH

RELIGION AND THEOLOGY

- I BELIEVE IN GOD. By MAUDE ROYDEN. Benn. 7s. 6d.
- THE BELIEF OF CATHOLICS. By RONALD A. KNOX. Benn. 7s. 6d.
- RELIGION WITHOUT REVELATION. By JULIAN HUXLEY. Benn. 8s. 6d.
- THE CHURCH IN THE WORLD. By W. R. INGE. Longmans. 6s.
- THE IMPATIENCE OF A PARSON. By H. R. L. SHEPPARD. Hodder and Stoughton. 3s. 6d.
- FEED MY SHEEP. Edited by F. UNDERHILL. Mowbrays. 6s.
- A PICTURE OF RELIGION IN ENGLAND TO-DAY. By W. M. DRAPER. Methuen. 5s.
- THE REUNION OF THE CHURCHES. By G. J. JORDAN. Constable. 12s.
- THE JOHANNINE WRITINGS. By J. ESTLIN CARPENTER. Constable. 30s.
- THOMAS CRANMER. By A. C. DEANE. Macmillan 6s.
- JOHN WESLEY. By W. H. HUTTON. Macmillan. 6s.
- THOMAS ARNOLD. By R. J. CAMPBELL. Macmillan. 6s.
- ARCHBISHOP LAUD. By A. S. DUNCAN-JONES. Macmillan. 6s.
- ST. THOMAS OF CANTERBURY. By SIDNEY DARK. Macmillan. 6s.

EVEN though some of the accents are distressing and some of the sermons rather misleading, all friends of religion must be glad that its advocates are once more making their voices heard in the street. Those old-fashioned people, of whom I am one, who believe that philosophy is more important than psychology cannot view without misgiving even so earnest an evangelicalism as Miss Royden's; but her homiletics and Mr. Sheppard's may easily have the good effect of making thoughtful people dissatisfied with the current tendency to put feeling before faith, and to adjust truth to suit conditions of thought which are certainly not permanent, and may already be passing. By all means restate your religion; only, as you do it, remember this—that restatement is safe only if at the same time you clearly understand that no expression of truth is ever final, and that by abandoning a traditional statement which has the great advantage of an old symbolic emphasis you may easily lose far more than you gain. Miss Royden's anxiety to come to terms with modern science is seen in her chapter on the Virgin-Birth; she rejects that tradition on grounds which are mainly historical, but, I cannot help feeling, for reasons which betray a misapprehension of the problem. I do not believe that the birth of Jesus Christ could not have been in accordance with the normal method; but I do think it is very difficult to explain why, if Joseph was the father of Jesus, the story of the Virgin Birth should ever have arisen among a people like the Jews who had no tradition in favour of virginity. The disappearance of Joseph from the Gospel narrative and the fact that the brethren of Jesus always behave as if they were elder brothers and had some right of control over him seem in favour of the traditional view that Joseph was a widower with sons; and I cannot help thinking that Miss Royden's abandonment of the

tradition is due not to her sense of the weight of evidence against it but to an anxiety to placate modern prejudice against the miraculous, and a curious suspicion that the doctrine of the Virgin-Birth is, in some ways, an attack on the sanctity of marriage. I simply do not understand the perplexity about the genealogical tables in the First and Third Gospels : surely the fact that these tables, tracing Jesus' descent from Joseph's ancestors, are given us by the two evangelists who declare Joseph was not the father of Jesus, should have warned her that the tables cannot be produced as evidence against the Virgin-Birth. Neither the authors (nor the editors, if we believe that the tables and the birth-narratives are by different hands) of the First and Third Gospels were fools ; they would not intentionally have left incompatible statements at the very opening of their stories. The genealogical tables are merely documents to show that Jesus was legally a descendant of David, and was therefore entitled to claim the Messiahship. About Miss Royden's suggestion that she believes that St. Luke misunderstood Mary's narrative of the birth of her child (for Miss Royden agrees with Dr. Sanday in thinking that the Mother of Jesus is the source of the birth narrative) it seems kinder to preserve silence; an argument based on the assumption that the beauty and sacredness of birth and motherhood have been realized only in the twentieth century may convince the twentieth century, but I am sure it will convince no other.

Fr. Knox's book has a bad title. It should have been called *The Belief of a Roman Catholic* : there is hardly a chapter, I should think, to which von Hügel would have given his hearty assent ; and there is much from which Newman, Pascal and even Bossuet would have vehemently dissented. Fr. Knox's approach is scholastic ; when he writes that " our thought can only be satisfied by the existence of some necessary Being, to which all this contingent existence around us, the world of creation, is secondary, and upon which it depends " he is saying what is not strictly true, and if it were true, would prove nothing to those who do not wish to believe. It is not true so long as one man can be found to say that his thought is satisfied without the theistic hypothesis ; and many such can be found. It proves nothing because there is no reason why man's thought should be satisfied. The universe may be a bad joke. I agree with Fr. Knox in his defence of Theism, but I cannot think his method of stating it will win over any resolute sceptics. The part of his book which explains his view of Roman Catholicism is even less persuasive. I do not know whether I admire more his simplicity or his cheek when he claims that Catholic critics of the Bible are less likely to go to extravagant conclusions than Protestants : what church trained, nourished and for a season boasted of Loisy ? For the rest Fr. Knox's book shows his now well-known desire to have a spiritual atlas, a system which shall make its appeal not to the generous or the adventurous instincts of mankind, not to the legitimate desire for safety, but to the less noble passion for security. As a corrective against his presentation of Roman Catholicism Mr. Jordan's interesting and well-documented account of the theological activities of Leibnitz, and especially of his correspondence with Bossuet, may be recommended.

Mr. Huxley's book is a sincere and rather pathetic effort to preserve the comforts of religion without the discomforts of a creed ; I cannot see that his desire for some kind of faith is much more than a modern, more scientific expression of the spirit which in the last century gave us Comte and Frederic Harrison. I am again and again reminded, by his culture, his geniality, his rather bland freedom from all sorts of nonsense, of the spirit of Positivism. Mr. Huxley's approach to religion is mainly psychological ; and those who can appreciate non-philosophical treatment of the subject may find much in his work that will help and interest them.

Nothing is more enjoyable in Dean Inge's work than the way in which he so often provides the antidote to his own grosser prejudices. In one essay in this book he states his favourite thesis that "Latin Catholicism is the religion of the Latin-speaking Mediterraneans" (a curious race which apparently includes Poles, Irish and Bavarians), and insists on the "racial limits of Romanism"; in another essay—an admirable and brilliant piece of writing on *Hellenism in Christianity*—he starts off with the very sound remark, "Those who write about the Greeks must beware of a heresy which is very rife just now—the theory of racialism." They should, indeed, and so should those who write about Rome. Indeed, Dean Inge would be well advised to write no more about Rome, and especially to avoid the subject of Modernism in the Catholic Church; he reminds one too strongly of the unease felt by Mr. Snowden for the brighter and brisker socialism of Mr. James Maxton. There is one sentence in his essay on Roman Catholicism which Dr. Inge should either withdraw or annotate in subsequent editions of this book: "It is significant that no one has yet exposed the wide-reaching influence which the Vatican used on the side of the Central Powers during the war." Dr. Inge must of course have some evidence that the Vatican did use such influence; he should give it to the world. If he does not, and does not withdraw this sentence, fair-minded people will be forced to conclude that his silence is "significant." Besides the essay on Hellenism, those on *The Treasury of Reason*, on *Science and Theology*, on *Faith and Reason* and on *The Quakers* represent Dr. Inge's writing at its best.

Impatience is a good thing; but to be effective it must be controlled, like any other explosive. No one can read Mr. Sheppard's book without sympathy. It is genuine and sincere and not without practical sense; but it suffers from the popular preacher's fault of over-emphasis. Some of the deeper problems of religion are treated with insufficient thought. For instance, in his repudiation of the doctrine of eternal punishment, Mr. Sheppard never once hints that the main obstacles to an abandonment of the doctrine, or so it seems to the plain man, lie in the words of Christ Himself. Again, I can attach no real meaning to Mr. Sheppard's statement that "a church ceases to be Christian the moment it begins to judge mankind either intellectually or morally." How can the Church give up the right and the duty which every man exercises, none more fully than Mr. Sheppard over and over again in this book? Again, I have never met anyone who considered the Occasional Offices—Mr. Sheppard specifies the forms for weddings, funerals and churching of women—as "amazingly inhuman." I could quote many other passages in the book which seem to me to show that Mr. Sheppard's experience has been of so special a kind as to make him a very unsafe guide to the complaints and opinions of ordinary lay people; but his book is worth reading and considering as it is representative of an active if not very large body of thought in the Church to-day. We pass to a very different and more hopeful atmosphere in the admirable volume of essays edited by Mr. Underhill of Grosvenor Chapel. The authors, who include such well-known priests as Dr. Selwyn, Fr. Cary, the Bishop in Corea, Canon Long, Mr. Briscoe, and Dr. Kirk, are all adherents of the Anglo-Catholic school; they are both modest and temperate in their statements and claims, and preserve a charitable temper which we could wish others would imitate. The best essays are perhaps Mr. Kirk's on Penance, Mr. Briscoe's on the Country Parish, Mr. Underhill's on Preaching, and Fr. Cary's on Spiritual Direction; but there is none which has not got some useful suggestion, and all display an evangelical spirit and a zeal for pastoral efficiency.

Mr. Sidney Dark is the general editor of the new series known as *Great English Churchmen*, of which five volumes have been published. He must be congratulated on

having exhibited remarkable skill in fitting author to subject, at any rate in these volumes. His own *Thomas of Canterbury* is a brilliant piece of romantic history. It is not the only view of Thomas—this picture of him as a friend of the poor—but it is a perfectly possible view. I think Mr. Dark probably overrates the position Thomas occupied in the hearts of English people before his death, and underrates the effect of his martyrdom. A bloody death often in the Middle Ages produced popular canonization of men who, had they lived out their lives, might have died unreverenced or even vilified. For instance, the cult of Edward II, to which we owe so much of the beauty of Gloucester Cathedral, certainly sprang not from respect for his very doubtful virtues, but from pity at his dreadful end. Mr. Deane fulfils a difficult task with discretion and fairness in his life of Thomas Cranmer. Cranmer will probably never be quite successfully explained; he appears the last man to be swayed by impulse, and yet some of his actions cannot be understood unless we allow that impulse played a large part in his life. His theological waverings have little interest for us to-day, in spite of the efforts of a few devoted people to argue that he, the least settled of men, settled something on the Church of England. He did, perhaps, settle on it the habit of compromise and evasion which, if men keep their heads, may grow into a conviction of comprehension and tolerance; but we cannot find in his forty-two Articles any intention of genuine tolerance, such as Erasmus desired. It is perhaps by an accident that all the Churchmen at present included in this series are “reformers.” The greatest of the three others is certainly John Wesley, whose name is, I suppose, more widely known and widely honoured than that of any other Englishman with the possible exception of Shakespeare. Dr. Hutton’s sketch of his great career is a lively and truthful piece of portraiture. Dr. Campbell’s Arnold is rather solemn, and suffers from the author’s perhaps inevitable feeling that he has to defend a reputation rather injured by Mr. Lytton Strachey’s essay. Arnold had a genuine idealism; but he cannot compare for humanity and vitality with Charles Kingsley, and his gross misunderstanding and misinterpretation of the Tractarians seems less excusable than Kingsley’s, for Arnold was a scholar, even a pedant. Perhaps the best of the five volumes is Mr. Duncan-Jones’ sympathetic and acute study of Laud. Laud has suffered from both his defenders and his critics: Mr. Duncan-Jones has done a real service to a great man by his insistence on the grave difficulties with which the Archbishop had to contend. Those who attack Laud’s anti-Puritanism should read Mr. Duncan-Jones’ brilliant pages on Prynne and the attitude Prynne represents. Laud’s faults were the faults of his period; but his virtues were singularly his own, and we owe to his tenacity, to his sense of order and his feeling for proportion that the Church of England did not lose its position as a part of the historical Church of the West.

I cannot write at length on Dr. Carpenter’s book, which is mainly concerned with the Apocalypse and the Fourth Gospel; but I should like strongly to recommend it not only to scholars—such recommendation is perhaps scarcely necessary—but to all who read the New Testament for devotional reasons. The critical side of the book is, of course important, and some of Dr. Carpenter’s hypotheses and conclusions may seem needlessly radical to some readers; but throughout the book there is a spirit of sweetness, a sympathetic devotion which make it very unlike much critical work on the Holy Bible. The genius of Dr. Carpenter can be seen in the lovely little Epilogue on the Johannine letters, in which the critic seems to catch the very spirit of the man who, in the First Epistle of St. John, wrote one of the tenderest and most Christlike books of the Christian tradition.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS